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MARCH 1, 1976

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TIME

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



AMFITHEATROF WITH VIDAL



WRITER GRAY



CORRESPONDENT CLARK

When he came to the Books section of TIME in 1974, Staff Writer Paul Gray carried with him a number of credentials as a reviewer. Among other things, he held a Ph.D. in English literature from the University of Virginia (subject of his thesis: James Joyce), and had taught as an assistant professor at Princeton for seven years. Even so, he found preparing for this week's cover story on Novelist Gore Vidal to be a rigorous exercise, since his preparations required reading or rereading a 23-volume shelf including 15 novels, various essay collections and other works by his subject. Says Gray: "I came to admire Vidal for his accomplishments in an old but honorable role, the well-rounded man of letters." He adds: "Vidal does not seem to be taken seriously by most academic critics, but they could learn something about graceful, effective prose from studying his work."

From Rome, Correspondent Erik Amfiteatrof traveled with Vidal to his hillside villa in Ravello. "After a tour of the house and a drink of Vidal's home-bottled wine, we went out to dinner and talked until midnight," says Amfiteatrof. "By then the file was all but writing itself." Meanwhile New York Correspondent Roland Flamini talked to friends, foes, editors and other authorities on the author in the U.S. The story was edited by Stefan Kanfer and researched by Nancy Newman.

Like the Vidal cover story, the five-page article in the World section about the Soviet Union drew on considerable expertise. The piece offers a view of what Russian life is really like, behind the pageantry and rhetoric of the pivotal 25th Communist Party Congress that opens in Moscow this week. It was written by Patricia Blake, a longtime student of the Russian scene who came to TIME as a consultant on Soviet affairs in 1968. She was assisted by Reporter-Researcher Sara Medina, who earned a degree in Russian at Vassar College and has worked on many stories involving East bloc countries.

Our Washington, London and Bonn bureaus contributed files on the Soviet economy and politics. The principal reporting for the story came from Moscow Bureau Chief Marsh Clark, whose extensive note taking on Soviet life today began last September, when he joined the American and Russian astronauts who had participated in the Apollo-Soyuz space rendezvous on their seven-city post-mission tour of the Soviet Union.

Ralph P. Davidson

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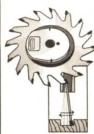
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Look at Ourselves and Laugh

To the Editors:

Doonesbury [Feb. 9] is the best thing to come out of Yale since the lock.

Alan Gray
Neptune City, N.J.

Wrong Yale. The lock was named after Linus Yale Jr., who invented it in 1865.

Trudeau's satire enables us to look at ourselves and laugh. Any paper that cuts out *Doonesbury* cuts out a part of American life.

Mike Murphy
Houston

It is refreshing to read a funny political cartoon that hits between the ears instead of below the belt.

Alan Albright
San Antonio

Garry Trudeau's eating habits are not the signs of an eccentric cartoonist, but merely the eating habits of an un-

suspects) in personality the alter ego of Garry Trudeau. Zonker lives!

Helen Moak
Philadelphia

If that's an example of *Doonesbury* humor, I'm glad I leave the comic strips to kids and liberals.

Donald F. Hinds
Grand Rapids

I learn more about government in *Doonesbury* than in school.

David Foster
Weston, Conn.

Is TIME changing to a comic book?

Paul Trimakas
Charlotte, N.C.

Trudeau's use of repeated backgrounds, a cinematographic technique, lets characters develop and philosophies emerge because the sets never upstage the actors and the message. I think any film director would be delighted "to strike an attitude or sink a platitude" in only four frames. Try it some time.

Anne Bonney
New York City

God as Guide, Not Pal

Anyone who thinks a new prayer book [Feb. 9] will help us Anglicans should attend his nearest Roman Catholic Church next Sunday to see what a mess they made of their English translation. There are plenty of churches around for the semilliterate. Suppose somebody had tried to make Shakespeare or John Donne more readable.

Peter B. Weber
Schenectady, N.Y.

For many Episcopalians, the language of their rituals is not a barrier to a meaningful relationship with God, but a beautiful, expressive key to that relationship. Brevity and blandness are not better; I want God as my guide, not my pal.

Leanne Wade Beorn
Blacksburg, Va.

Fitness Report

Thanks to TIME's medical assessment of the presidential candidates [Feb. 9], we now know much, much more than we could ever care to know—and certainly more than we would ever dare to ask.

Kay C. Michener
Oak Park, Mich.

It made my day to find out that Senator Jackson is allergic to adhesive tape.

George Washington had wooden teeth, and they didn't affect his presidency.

Susan B. Labinger
Trumbull, Conn.

Your very candid medical diagnosis of the presidential candidates will be most helpful in my choice for the President. However, you neglected to mention whether any of the candidates suffer from venereal disease, chronic diarrhea, halitosis or the heartbreak of psoriasis.

RevaLee Brody
Somerset, N.J.

TIME has overstepped the bounds of common decency.

Billie Baggs
Atlanta, Ga.

When will TIME fill us in with some really penetrating info about the candidates? Like: Just what brand of hair dye does Hubert use to achieve that gorgeous orange tint?

Bob Staake
Torrance, Calif.

Maldiction

Si j'ose le dire, TIME ne parle pas très bien français. Il y a quelques semaines *Modern Living*, au sujet du français, a parlé d'un "cocktail au le weekend"—en français on dirait simplement un "cocktail au weekend"—et a écrit "à la" quelque chose au lieu de "à la." Hélas, ça va de pire en pire: au commencement de l'article à propos de *Doonesbury*, TIME a fait un mauvais jeu de mots en écrivant "mal mot" pour le contraire de "bon mot." Malheureusement, le mot "mal" était mal choisi. C'est un adverbe. Le contraire de "bon mot" doit être "mauvais mot."

Kelth R. Johnson
New York City

TIME s'est trompé.

Coleman and the Concorde

The U.S. made the decision not to let the Concorde fly here [Feb. 16] several years ago, when we stopped building our own SST. Why should William Coleman Jr. have the authority to reverse that decision?

William Allin Storrer
Ithaca, N.Y.

married college student. In my own apartment here at Cal State Fullerton you will find 13 empty bottles of Dr Pepper, six Swanson TV dinners, and in the freezer an open can of orange juice concentrate with a spoon in it.

Bill Davee
Fullerton, Calif.

Joanie Caucus is whose favorite Trudeau character? Ms. Caucus is a menopausal potato, clearly modeled on Sarah Moore.

Nolan Nix
Denver

Zonker "flaky"? Only "a spaghetti-haired specimen of the drug culture"? Zonker Harris is the most appealing character of *Doonesbury's* world, the most fully developed character, and (one



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Enter the Private World of Thunderbird for 1976.



Shown: 1976 Thunderbird with optional Bordeaux Luxury Group, WSW tires, Moonroof and Convenience Group.

The closer you look, the better we look. See your local Ford Dealer.

THUNDERBIRD

FORD DIVISION



calculated that the operation of 40 Concorde over the next 40 years will cause an increase of 46,000 to 70,000 skin cancer cases in the U.S. alone, and that 1% of these victims may die.

*Philip Weinberg
Assistant Attorney General
State of New York
New York City*

Since the Americans killed off their own SST development for environmental reasons, it would be a paradox if they now accept another SST for political reasons!

*Jimmy Marshall
Geneva*

They came.
They saw.
They Concorde.

*Bill Savage
Mason, Mich.*

Who's a Racist?

After reading your interview with George Habash, leader of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine [Feb. 9], I don't see how such a mixed-up man can be so popular. How can he label Israel a racist state when he won't even recognize its right to exist? If that isn't racist I don't know what is.

*Scott Stallings
Mobile, Ala.*

The Honest FEA

Your article, "Gas: Enough for Now" [Jan. 12], doesn't quite tell it like it is.

The Federal Energy Administration collects and publishes shortage information based on a survey of practically all gas utilities and distributors. The numbers we publish are the numbers we collect. If they make the situation look critical, we say so; if they make the situation look better, we say so.

Early this winter, the nation experienced unseasonably warm, dry weather which reduced demand for natural gas and substitute fuels. This improved the situation over what we published earlier, and we promptly informed the public.

No script involved here; just an honest attempt to tell the American people the situation like it is.

*John A. Hill
Deputy Administrator, FEA
Washington, D.C.*

Unexclusive Exclusion

Discrimination at Farmington Country Club is not restricted to blacks [Feb. 9]. Having served as their tennis pro in 1973, I discovered Farmington's exclusion policy also applied to anyone who was Jewish, which I am.

When the "gentlemen" of Farming-

ton learned this "alarming" fact, they quickly terminated our relationship.

*Scott Gordon
Charleston, W. Va.*

Second Season

Re the Second TV Season [Feb. 9]: after watching each of the shows reviewed, I decided that I had been better entertained by Schickel's column. Perhaps this is why so many prefer literacy to idiocy.

*Julie Daniels
Campbell, Calif.*

Word from the Shah

I was surprised to read an allegation attributed to former Secretary of the Treasury John B. Connally which stated that in 1972 His Imperial Majesty, the Shahanshah Aryamehr and former President Richard Nixon considered the formation of a joint company to buy up the reserves of American oil companies in the Middle East [Feb. 16]. I am authorized to state categorically that this allegation is a complete fabrication.

*Ardeshtir Zahedi, Ambassador
Embassy of Iran
Washington, D.C.*

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Same fresh
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12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

A suffering child needs your help. Now.



Consider little Clemaria, 7 years old, and her brother, Jose Mario, 3, who are victims of their environment in a teeming city of Brazil. They are hungry. They live in a house made of adobe, without water or light. They use old boxes for furniture, their bedding is rags. The mother suffers from a heart condition and spends most of her time in bed. As you look into Clemaria's eyes, you can see she is tired of life.

Why is it the children suffer the most? Perhaps because there are so many poor and hungry children, they no longer are considered important news. And yet, one-fourth of the world's children are almost always hungry and one-tenth on the brink of death because of too little food (while each day the average American eats 900 more calories than he needs and twice as much protein as his body requires). Since world population increases at a conservative estimate of 250,000 per day and food production lags, it is predictable that more than 10 million children will die of hunger within the next year.

As this text was being written (in February, 1976), Clemaria and her brother were among nearly 20,000 children in the world registered by Christian Children's Fund but awaiting a sponsor to provide food, clothing, housing and medical care. Sponsors will surely be found for these

two youngsters, but what about the other children?

Not only the 20,000 on CCF's waiting list, but what about the millions of others who are barely clinging to life, children old before their time, children for whom entry into our program could mean the difference?

What can be done about them? We must learn to be generous again, with our emotions and concern as well as our wealth. We must return to the grass roots to assist individuals rather than nations. We must curb our own wastefulness. We must declare war on hunger. We must make a commitment. We must do something.

The world is full of children like Clemaria who are hurting. Will you help now? Through the Christian Children's Fund, you can be a part of this grass roots way of sharing your love and relative prosperity with desperate children like Clemaria—who want only a chance to survive in a hungry world.

You can sponsor such a child for only \$15 a month. Please fill out the coupon and send it with your first monthly check.

You will receive your sponsored child's name, address and photograph, plus a description of the child's project and environment. You will be encouraged to write to the child and your letters will be answered.

You can have the satisfaction of knowing your concern made the difference. It is late. Somewhere in the world a child is waiting.

We will send you a Statement of Income and Expense upon request.

I want to help!

I want to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

☐ Choose any child who needs my help. I will pay \$15 a month. I enclose first payment of \$_____. Please send me child's name, mailing address and photograph. I can't sponsor a child now but I do want to give \$_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

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State _____ Zip _____

Mail today to: Dr. Verent J. Mills

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TIME

AMERICAN NOTES

The President's Paycheck

How is it that a man who earns \$135,000 a year after taxes can save almost nothing and has, with his wife, only \$1,239 in the bank? That question was put to President Ford at last week's press conference, after he had disclosed his financial status.

Ford is paying all or most of the expenses of his four grown children and footing the bill for the education of three of them (Susan, Steve and Mike). Besides, for each one he buys a \$50 Government bond and puts \$100 into a mutual fund every month. Press Secretary Ron Nessen had further explanations: Betty Ford buys her clothes out of the President's pay, and the Fords' personal expenses for food (about \$800 a month) and entertainment of private guests (including overtime paid to White House servants) also come out of his \$11,250-per-month income. The same is true of vacations and insurance, taxes and upkeep on the Fords' 1971 Mustang, two Jeeps, and residences in Alexandria, Va., Vail, Colo., and Grand Rapids—all of which add up to an eminently comfortable life-style.

So this week, when Ford collects his Government-green monthly checks, marked with his Social Security number (372-28-6832), he may reflect, almost like anybody else, about the difficulties of saving and the pangs of inflation—fortunately diminishing.

Utica's Drastic Solution

City officials often complain about excessive wage demands by labor unions, but Edward A. Hanna, the mayor of Utica, N.Y. (pop. 86,000), has hit on the most draconian of solutions. He cut the employees in the department of public works from 240 to 70 in 18 months after he took office. And this month he fired those last 70 effective March 1. The mayor insists that the department's services—garbage collection, snow removal, street cleaning, road repair—can be performed more economically by contracting them out to private firms. He has already done so with garbage collection.

Utica's nine-member common council has vowed not to let Hanna make the same move with other city services. The Teamsters, who represent the laid-off workers, have taken him to court to prevent him from contracting out the work. But during his first two-year term, Hanna fired one-third of the city employees, cut taxes twice, and turned a budget deficit into a surplus. In a three-man race last November, he won re-election with just under 50% of the vote.

Bombs over the U.S.

One of the great secrets of World War II was that from November 1944 to April 1945 the Japanese floated over North America some 9,000 small bombs in paper balloons made of tightly glued pieces of parchment-like paper. Only about 280 are known to have reached the U.S. and hit the ground—in Oregon, Wyoming, Montana and as far inland as Iowa. The Japanese had hoped the bombs, launched into the Pacific jet streams, would ignite forest fires in the Pacific Northwest and panic the U.S. population. But there were no fires—and no panic because the press voluntarily censored news of the bombs.

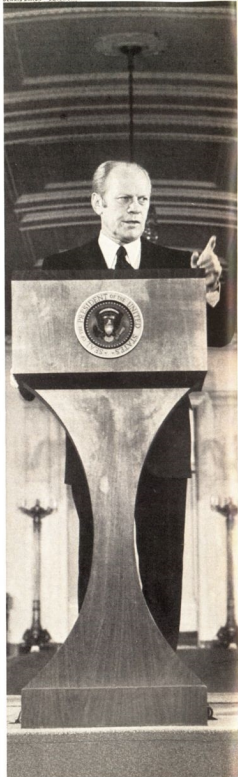
Now the Iowa State Historical Museum has mounted an exhibit in Des Moines of bomb fragments and balloons recovered in that state. There were six known victims of the bombing; on May 5, 1945, in Bly, Ore., a woman and five children went to inspect the strange object that had drifted down from the skies and were killed when the bomb exploded. The danger is not over. Some live bombs are still lying about U.S. prairies and mountains. "If you see something that looks like a bomb," cautions Iowa Museum Director Jack Musgrove, "leave it alone and call us."

Kojak Is a Phony

Television's Kojak, Columbo and Baretta are dazzling crime solvers. A combination of underground contacts, inside knowledge and outside hunches invariably puts a culprit behind bars (or in the morgue) before the last commercial. But real police detection, according to a new study by the Rand Corp., is far less successful. "The image of the detective as a guy with a network of informants who can help him crack cases is a myth," says Peter Greenwood, 36, the management analyst who directed the two-year survey of 156 U.S. police departments. Whether or not a case will be solved depends mostly on the information the victim or a witness supplies to the responding patrol officer. Adds Greenwood: "If a witness isn't available immediately after the crime, there isn't much the police can do."

Later investigation by detectives is generally scanty; only a small fraction of cases receive more than one day's attention. As a rule, detective work takes place after an arrest has been made, not before, and consists mostly of "receiving reports, documenting files, and attempting to locate and interview victims on cases that experience shows will not be solved." Are detectives smart, slick and sexy? Says Greenwood: "Most detectives are suburban commuters who do their eight-hour turn and go home just like the rest of us."

DENNIS BRADY—BLACK STAR



FORD AT WHITE HOUSE PRESS CONFERENCE LAST WEEK



PREVIOUSLY UNEMPLOYED WORKER ON FEDERALLY SUBSIDIZED PAINTING JOB IN INDIANA

ISSUES

Ford Wins a Fight over Jobs

By every recent measure of public sentiment, the economy is far and away the dominant political issue of 1976. Though many more Americans worry about inflation than unemployment, concern over jobs ranks well ahead of any noneconomic issue, including crime and détente. Democrats assail President Ford for a lack of urgent action on jobs; Ford and most Republicans respond that the recovery is strong and no costly emergency program is needed.

Last week's statistics lent weight to the President's position. In the final quarter of 1975, the gross national product rose at a rate of 4.9%, its third consecutive quarterly increase; and inflation climbed at a 6.8% rate, down .3% from the preceding quarter. The New York Stock Exchange last week set a one-day trading record of 44,510,000 shares, and the Dow Jones industrial average surged 26.85 points in two days, to 987.80—its highest level in three years.

Ford, moreover, won a major legislative battle as the Senate failed by three votes to override his veto of an emergency \$6.2 billion public works bill, which Democratic congressional leaders claimed would have created at least 600,000 new jobs within a year. But Ford, backed by many economists, considers the creation of public works projects an expensive approach to reducing unemployment. He places higher priority on stimulating the private economy to produce longer-lasting jobs.

The public works and urban aid bill would have: 1) given \$2.5 billion to state

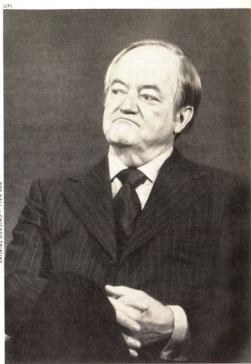
and local governments for such projects as constructing and repairing schools, courthouses, hospitals and other public buildings; 2) provided added revenue-sharing funds to state and local governments whenever the national unemployment rate is 6% or more (it is now 7.8%) and only to those areas matching or exceeding the national rate; 3) spent more money for such existing programs as construction of water-purification plants, capital loans to businesses and the Job Opportunities Program.

Wrong Time. The House had passed the bill last month by a smashing margin of 321 to 80. The Senate in July had approved it, 65 to 28. But Ford used his 43rd veto to reject the bill, calling it "an election-year pork barrel." At his press conference last week, Ford attacked it as "a hoax." Most analysts agreed with him that it would have created far fewer than 600,000 jobs—although Ford's estimates that it would produce only some 100,000 jobs at a cost of more than \$25,000 per job were exaggerations in the opposite direction. His telling argument was that the stimulus to the economy probably would come "at precisely the wrong time—when the recovery will already be far advanced." The result then might be a new surge of inflation.

Those arguments did not impress the House, which last week easily overrode Ford's veto, 319 to 98. The Senate's 63-to-35 margin to override, however, fell short of the needed two-thirds.

The Democrats may revive the re-

THE NATION



PUBLIC JOBS ADVOCATE HUBERT HUMPHREY

jected bill, but with less funding and without the revenue-sharing provision. Ford has indicated he will accept a bill by Senator Robert Griffin and Congressman Garry Brown, both Michigan Republicans. It would give federal funds for community development projects to local governments where unemployment is more than 8%. Brown estimates that his plan would provide about \$800 million in the next fiscal year.

A sharper clash may come on a more comprehensive bill being pushed by two Democrats, Senator Hubert Humphrey and Congressman Augustus Hawkins of California. It would set "full employment" as a national goal to be met within perhaps three years; 3% would be the target unemployment rate. The President would have to submit plans to provide every American "able and willing to work" with a job, using a "standby job corps" to hire those unable to find employment. The independent Federal Reserve Board would be required to tailor its monetary policies to meet the employment target—a step toward a planned national economy.

Conservative economists consider the economy too complex to ensure jobs for all workers without rigid wage and price controls. Unless the economy nosedives unexpectedly, the Humphrey-Hawkins bill seems unlikely to be enacted—and the rising economic trend remains Gerald Ford's best argument as he seeks to retain the presidency.

POLITICS

Labor's Best-Heeled Powerhouse

Whatever the outcome of the fight over job policy, organized labor will wield a tremendous influence in this year's election. The AFL-CIO's Committee on Political Education (COPE), with a treasury of \$2 million raised through members' contributions, will pour not only money but armies of workers into the campaign, mount mass mailings, and mobilize one of the most powerful political forces in the country. The little-known man who directs this power rarely receives journalists, but he recently permitted TIME National Political Cor-

respondent Robert Ajemian to accompany him in New York, Washington and Miami. Ajemian's report: "Okay, Maryland out," shouts Alexander Barkan in his rasping voice to a roomful of state labor officials meeting in New York, "and get Pennsylvania in here." Barkan watches the group intently as they file in to sit at the long conference table. With his barrel chest, high cheekbones and large crooked teeth, he looks a little like a Sioux chief. As director of COPE, Al Barkan by day's end will have listened to the political reports of his committees from seven Atlantic states. The next day he will fly to Chicago and later Los Angeles to gather the hard facts and intimate gossip that make him the most

knowing political tactician in the nation. In 13 years as George Meany's loyal political commissar, Barkan, who earns \$37,000 a year, has delivered AFL-CIO manpower and at least \$30 million to back candidates—almost all Democrats—friendly to the federation. Labor boasts it can count on the support of a majority of both houses of Congress—57 friends in the Senate and 269 in the House—and Meany's man Barkan helped put most of them there. "Look, Al," says red-faced Mike Johnson, head of Pennsylvania COPE, who is sitting across the table from Barkan, "this Wallace thing is no joke. He's never been organized this well before. His people are saying leave the CIA alone, leave the FBI alone, and our guys are listening to them. It's serious. Our people want to be for Humphrey, but he's staying out."

Barkan listens and for now says little. At 66, he has heard warnings all of his labor life. He joined the Textile Workers Organizing Committee in 1937. His blunt combativeness, his tirelessness, his gift for labor evangelism made him an ideal recruiter at a time when the Textile Workers were trying to unionize the plants not far from Barkan's home town of Bayonne, N.J. His education helped him too. The son of poor Polish immigrants, he put together enough money to attend the University of Chicago ('33).

For Humphrey, Barkan shares the Pennsylvania group's frustration about Noncandidate Hubert Humphrey. He and the other AFL-CIO leaders are for Humphrey, and they expect him to emerge from a state-mated convention. Meanwhile, they are ready for whatever happens. In 1972 Meany adamantly refused to support George McGovern, but 33 of the federation's 113 unions defied the rule; another 17 jumped to Richard Nixon.

But now things have changed tremendously. Labor is back together, unified by the recent recessions and by opposition to Gerald Ford. "The fanaticism that divided our members is gone," says Barkan. "All that heat over things like busing and abortion is gone. Now the issue is clear and simple: jobs."

At his COPE meetings Barkan, sounding a little like the firebrand he was in his early Textile days, whips up enthusiasm for more voter registration—among youth, blacks, Latinos, retired union members. He reminds his audience of the astonishing capabilities of COPE's million-dollar computer. It is filled with the names of 14 million union members and can turn up almost anything. A canvasser can swiftly

find out which members need to be registered or even which side of the block they live on.

"We're going to have the best-organized, best-financed political force in the history of organized labor," says Barkan. "No one else will have what we have. All we need is a candidate."

To help nominate the right man, the AFL-CIO is encouraging its member unions and their locals to place delegates on the slate of any candidate they choose. Then no matter who surfaces there will be a strong labor presence (the hope is for 500 out of 3,008 delegates) in the convention brokering that AFL-CIO is certain will occur.

Besides Wallace, the only candidate who worries labor at all is Jimmy Car-



COPE DIRECTOR AL BARKAN
Waiting for a candidate.



AFL-CIO CHIEF GEORGE MEANY
Unity out of recession.

ter. Most veterans like Barkan find Carter too slippery on the issues, particularly the right-to-work laws. And ever since he learned that Carter at a governors' conference in 1974 spoke disparagingly of some "cigar-smoking labor dictators," Barkan has been scornfully aloof. Carter has tried to call him, has even sent emissaries, but so far Barkan has avoided him.

There is little middle ground with Al Barkan; he is inflexibly tough on his opponents. He has contempt for the Americans for Democratic Action and other Democratic liberals who, he says, are willing to wreck everything in order to get their way. "These kooks and feminists and New Lefts have never won an election in their lives," he

growls. "And yet the candidates are absolutely terrified of them." Many of the liberals, in turn, think that the stubborn Barkan belongs back in the Stone Age.

Barkan and COPE do not always win. Last year they lost majority races in Indianapolis and Minneapolis, and after years of struggling they have been unable to overturn a single one of the 19 different state laws against the union shop.

The chief target of Barkan's anger continues to be Robert Strauss, who became Democratic National Chairman only after the AFL-CIO accepted him. Both Meany and Barkan, in their implacable way, consider Strauss a traitor who caved in to party reformers on the issue of proportional representation after promising labor that he would oppose them. Last month Strauss phoned Barkan and asked to see Meany for just ten minutes.

Strauss wanted the labor leaders to know he felt there was going to be a deadlocked convention and that Meany should be present to help make the final choice. Barkan coolly advised Strauss to write a letter to the big man—but Meany has refused to answer it.

Long Reach. Barkan's plain office in Washington is like a center ring. Calls go to and from every political district in the country. A call about campaign strategy comes from Maryland Congressman Paul Sarbanes, whom COPE is backing in the Democratic primary against former Senator Joseph Tydings. The Barkan reach extends almost everywhere, even to backing certain Republicans. Right now he is sifting candidates to replace retiring Republican Senators Paul Fannin in Arizona and Hiram Fong in Hawaii; in Michigan he is looking for a successor to Democrat Phil Hart, who is stepping down too. "We like Mickey O'Hara," he tells a Michigan caller, referring to the Democratic Congressman. New York Republican Congressman Peter Peyser telephones about his challenge to Senator James Buckley in the primary. Says Barkan to Peyser, who has a solid COPE voting record: "I had a dream last night: you and Pat Moynihan in the Senate. Then I had a nightmare: I saw Buckley and Bella Abzug instead." He asks his secretary to get New York Governor Hugh Carey on the phone. Barkan wants to talk to him about Moynihan. Recently Barkan had flown to New York to have lunch with the U.N. Ambassador and urge him to run. When Moynihan said he was worried about money, Barkan promised him a substantial sum from COPE's treasury. "You've talked a lot about getting into politics," he told Moynihan in his gruff, fatherly fashion. "You'll never get an opportunity as good as this again." Moynihan sounded intrigued—and not long afterward resigned his U.N. post.

At the AFL-CIO annual convention in Miami last week, Barkan was hard

at work applying some labor muscle; he used his influence to get Ohio Democratic Congressman Wayne Hays to propose legislation overturning the ruling by the Federal Election Commission that allows corporations to solicit employees, including union members, for political funds. Republicans will fight this provision, but labor counts on friendly Democrats to help pass it.

For all his toughness, Barkan has a large shaft of humor. When his state COPE officers in Virginia recently suggested endorsing former Admiral Elmo Zumwalt to challenge Senator Harry

Byrd, who is no labor favorite, Barkan was more than usually interested. He had been a radioman aboard the battleship *Alabama* during World War II for four years and had rarely conferred with admirals. Zumwalt came to be interviewed by him and on the way to lunch, as they approached the revolving door of the AFL-CIO building, he stepped back to let Barkan pass through first. Barkan spun the door and himself all the way round and returned to the surprised Zumwalt. "That felt good, Admiral," he said with a grin. "Do it again."

INTELLIGENCE

New Policemen to Battle Abuses

In 13 months of often hostile scrutiny, two congressional committees have exposed a dismaying variety of abuses by the nation's intelligence agencies. Yet the probes were so haphazardly and sometimes vindictively conducted and so many secrets were leaked that public opinion has appeared to shift back in support of the embattled agencies. In this climate, President Ford seized the initiative last week and ordered the first big overhaul of the agencies since the CIA was created in 1947. The sweeping reorganization conceded little to the agencies' critics. In a 36-page Executive order, the President focused responsibility, clarified lines of authority and made the entire intelligence community more cohesive—on paper at least.

Some aspects of the program are bound to be challenged by Congress and the press. Ford prohibited certain CIA offenses: bugging and other spying on American citizens, experimenting with drugs on people who are unaware of it, plotting the assassination of foreign leaders in peacetime. Until recently, the

CIA justified these clearly illegal acts in the name of national security. Ford decisively removed that justification.

But as expected (TIME, Feb. 23), the President has refused to ban covert operations or separate them from the agency's intelligence-gathering functions. He has not yielded to Congress's demand for the right to approve covert operations ahead of time. He continues to urge that the six leaky congressional committees dealing with intelligence be consolidated into one leakproof joint committee. In short, he has done hardly anything to compromise the independence or the secrecy of the agency. Said Ford at his press conference: "I will not be a party to the dismantling of the CIA or other intelligence agencies."

One Place. His reorganization makes clear who is in charge of intelligence: the President, who will not be able to plead ignorance of a covert operation. Overall policy, said Ford, will rest in "only one place": the National Security Council, whose members are the President, the Vice President and the



DIRECTOR OF INTELLIGENCE GEORGE BUSH IN LOBBY OF CIA BUILDING

Pinning responsibility without compromising independence or secrecy.

THE NATION

Secretaries of State and Defense. Responsibility will be pinpointed. In the past, decisions were often made by Henry Kissinger, who consulted in desultory fashion the other members of the NSC.

Day-to-day management of the intelligence community—including the CIA, the National Security Agency, the Defense Intelligence Agency and the State Department's Bureau of Intelligence and Research—will be in the hands of a three-man committee on Foreign Intelligence. CIA Chief George Bush, who is also Director of Central Intelligence, was named chairman of the committee. The other two members are Robert Ellsworth, Deputy Secretary of Defense for intelligence, and William

Curry affairs—now Brent Scowcroft will continue as chairman. Attorney General Edward Levi and Budget Director James Lynn will attend meetings as observers. The Attorney General will be responsible for prosecuting any criminal abuses that arise in the course of an agency's operations; the Budget Director will review the budget proposals for the agencies. The proceedings will be less casual than before, when projects were often discussed over the phone. Now operations cannot be approved unless all members and observers or their deputies are in attendance.

The most innovative feature of Ford's program is the creation of a separate Intelligence Oversight Board that

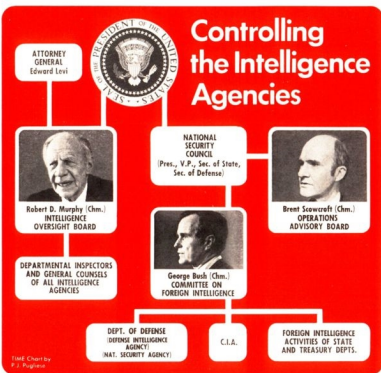
Intelligence Advisory Board, a citizens' group that reviews agency operations.

Ford will face his toughest scrap with Congress over his proposal to stop leaks in the CIA. "I'll be darned if we're going to let the leakers ruin our intelligence community," he said while campaigning in Florida last weekend. His Executive order instructs all Government officials who receive intelligence reports to sign a pledge that even after they leave Government, they will not divulge any information about "sources and methods"—sensitive details on names and techniques of U.S. agents and their foreign contacts. The President also authorized Bush to extend the pledge to any material that is classified as secret or top secret. At a press breakfast last week, Bush seemed inclined to make use of that authority. Said Bush: "I disapprove of the idea that any employee can release classified information. I don't believe in it."

Ford also asked for legislation to make any violation of the secrecy pledge a felony punishable by up to \$5,000 in fines and five years in prison. Victor Marchetti and Philip Agee could have been prosecuted for putting classified information in their muckraking books on the CIA. The law would not apply to newsmen or anyone else who receives such material. But the director of Central Intelligence would have the power to ask for an injunction to prevent publication. This could lead to increased pressure on journalists to reveal their sources of information. If they refuse to testify before grand juries probing leaks, they could be jailed for contempt.

Self-Policing. Some members of Congress and the press objected: abuses could not be uncovered if informants are liable to such stiff penalties. The White House responded that the agencies' employees would be free to take any complaint to the oversight board or the inspectors general instead of the press. Theoretically, the kind of abuses of the CIA that occurred during Watergate would be avoided by strict self-policing. But the policemen are working for the same boss as the possible wrongdoers—the President. Would the monitors always have sufficient independence to resist pressure for a cover-up from the Chief Executive?

Whether justice would be done rests, ultimately, on the character of the President—a flimsy reed in recent times. Ford acknowledges the burden. "I hope the American people will elect a President who will not abuse that responsibility. I certainly don't intend to." But this somewhat begs the question. It was presidential abuses—or inattention—that got the CIA into trouble in the first place. Congress is sure to balk at continuing to concentrate so much power in the Executive, but the President has moved in the right direction toward establishing greater responsibility, self-discipline and moral awareness in the intelligence community.



Hyland, deputy assistant to the President for national security affairs. The committee will centralize and—it is hoped—rationalize the occasionally overlapping operations of the various agencies, which are now run independently in separate departments of Government. The committee will also draw up the budget for all intelligence operations and allocate funds among the agencies. But each agency will have the right to appeal to the National Security Council and ultimately the President.

Less Casual. The 40 Committee, which approves covert operations, will be upgraded and renamed the Operations Advisory Group. It will include the Secretaries of State and Defense instead of their deputies. The Director of Central Intelligence and the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff will also belong. The President's assistant for national se-

curity will act as a citizens' watchdog. With access to information about all the agencies' operations, the three-man board can recommend departmental sanctions or criminal prosecution by the Attorney General against anyone who abuses his authority. The staffs of the inspector general in each agency will be increased to help with the monitoring. Ford chose three board members of moderate to conservative views: Robert Murphy, 81, a distinguished career diplomat who in 1959 was Under Secretary of State for political affairs; Stephen Ailes, 63, a Washington lawyer who was Secretary of the Army in the Johnson Administration; and Leo Cherne, 63, a New York City economist who is chairman of the International Rescue Committee, which aids refugees from totalitarianism. Cherne is also a personal friend of Ford's and a member of the President's Foreign

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It heats more than half the homes in America.

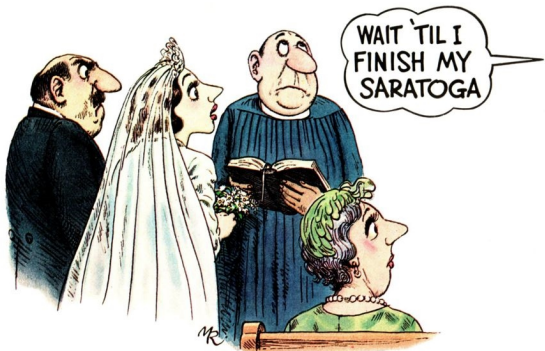
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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



NIXON WITH ACTING PREMIER HUA KUO-FENG & INTERPRETER IN PEKING

THE EX-PRESIDENT

Sentimental Journey

I sit in the Great Hall feasting on Peking duck.

How good it is compared to San Clemente crow.

—Art Buchwald, on Richard Nixon

He looked tanned and healthy, but his smile was tight and his bearing stiff. With his wife Pat and two of Peking's diplomats, he posed briefly at the doorway of the gleaming Chinese Boeing 707 jetliner. With that, the Richard Nixons flew from Los Angeles last week for a nine-day trip to the People's Republic of China, invited by Chairman Mao Tse-tung to mark the fourth anniversary of the former President's door-opening visit there. No fewer than 20 newsmen fol-

lowed along. On hand to greet Nixon at the Peking airport was Acting Premier Hua Kuo-feng and other top Chinese officials.

Publicly, President Ford tried to downplay Nixon's odyssey, saying that it had "no political ramifications at all." Privately, Ford and his aides were furious that his disgraced predecessor would accept the longstanding invitation just as Ford was fighting to fend off the challenge of Ronald Reagan in the New Hampshire primary. Because Nixon seemed to be emerging from his San Clemente exile, Ford was being peppered with questions in New Hampshire about why he had pardoned the ex-President. Said one senior White House staffer: "It's goddam humiliating. Nixon can be forgiven for trying to make a comeback, but not for the timing." Cracked another top aide: "May-

be he'll ask for political asylum."

Columnist Joseph Kraft condemned the trip as the "sleazy act" of a "contemptible man . . . now betraying the man who pardoned him." Nixon's journey, Kraft predicted, "can only foster a deadlock between Ford and Reagan, which will serve to promote the candidacy of the man he really wanted to succeed him as President, John Connally."

No one accused the Chinese of meddling in U.S. domestic politics. "Mao doesn't know what New Hampshire means, much less where it is," said a U.S. Government Sinologist. Most China watchers agree that Mao wants to reaffirm, as part of his political will and testament, the Shanghai communiqué of 1972 that promised "normalization" of relations between the U.S. and China. By inviting Nixon, Mao is using him to underscore Chinese impatience with the slow progress toward full diplomatic recognition of Peking and with the Ford Administration's emphasis on U.S.-Soviet détente.

In any case, Nixon stands to get a rare and intimate look at China's leaders at a time of mysterious ferment. Though the White House is not happy to see him go, it may derive some benefit from the trip. Nixon plans to make a report to the Ford Administration when he returns.

A stockholders' suit against Phillips Petroleum Co., growing out of the firm's illegal \$100,000 contribution to the 1972 Nixon re-election campaign, was settled last week, and with the settlement came a disclosure that Richard Nixon was the direct recipient of half of the money. According to papers filed in the case, he had "personally" accepted \$50,000 in campaign funds "at his New York City apartment" from William W. Keeler, then Phillips' chief executive.

Political Notes

Humphrey's Problem. If a deadlocked Democratic convention nominated Hubert Humphrey, how would he go over with voters? In a national survey conducted for TIME by Yankelovich, Skelly and White, 1,002 Americans were asked if they found Humphrey acceptable as a candidate, regardless of their first choice for President. Only 40% of the sample said they did; a whopping 46% found him unacceptable, probably a reflection that he has been around too long. By contrast, President Ford was acceptable to 58% and unacceptable to only 36%, and Ronald Reagan also had a favorable rating, 45% to 35%. The Democrat with the most favorable rating was Edward Kennedy: 70% found him acceptable, 42% unacceptable.

Connally's Barbecue. *Ostensibly it will be just another Texas barbecue, but it*

smells like presidential politicking. The 50 Republican state chairmen have been invited to a working session at a San Antonio hotel on March 12, followed by a meeting next day at the ranch of John Connally—four days after the Florida primary. Texas Republican Chairman Ray Hutchison says he asked Connally to play host and insists that the group is meeting only to discuss the problems Republican candidates for Congress will face. But if Ronald Reagan does well against President Ford in New Hampshire and Florida, some of the anti-Reagan state chairmen may well chew over the possibility of making "Big John" their candidate.

Rocky's Bid? Nelson Rockefeller's aides say that he is more than just juggling over his chances for the Republican nomination should Ford falter. In the next few months Rocky will try to flash into the public eye, making many "non-

campaign" speeches on subjects ranging from federalism to the future of science, as well as traveling abroad as a Bicentennial good-will ambassador. His prospects seem close to zero, but he has one asset: the U.S. Supreme Court ruling on campaign spending removed all limits on the amount of personal cash a candidate may spend as long as he accepts no federal matching funds.

Ups and Downs. Voter registration is up in some of the early primary states. Compared with 1972, it has risen from 424,000 to an estimated 436,000 registered voters in New Hampshire, from 2.78 million to 2.84 million in Massachusetts and from 3 million to 3.5 million in Florida. But in big cities, registration is down—by 102,000 in Chicago and 42,000 in Boston. Since cities are Democratic bastions, this downward trend may hurt the Democrats in November.

TRIALS

Patty's Long Ordeal on the Stand

There was just too much evidence against her—not only films showing that she was present but tapes and documents in which she told how she had willingly, even eagerly, taken part in the crime. If Patty Hearst was to convince a jury that she was innocent, she would have to do it herself—sitting alone on the witness stand. Last week Patty got her chance to tell how she had been forced by the death threats of the Symbionese Liberation Army to take part in the robbery of a branch of San Fran-

isco's Hibernia Bank. Then came the climactic moment of the trial as U.S. Attorney James L. Browning Jr. began cross-examining Patty to try to show she was a liar.

The duel was a dramatic test for both. A conscientious but colorless prosecutor, Browning had been overshadowed throughout the trial by Assistant Attorney F. Lee Bailey. Browning had not tried a case in six years; instead, he administered the work of his assistants. San Francisco lawyers tended to dismiss him with faint praise ("Jim—well, he's a nice guy"). But the prosecutor was stubbornly confident he would win: he had the facts, he liked to say. Bailey him-

self had posed the problem that would face Browning when he began the cross-examination that lasted two days. If Browning pressed Patty too hard, thus making her a sympathetic figure, warned Bailey, "he will be cutting his own throat."

Browning started quietly—a tall (6 ft. 1½ in.), serious man looming over the small, pale young woman, who was demurely dressed in a light grey pantsuit and a peach-colored blouse. Getting Patty to describe her abduction on the night of Feb. 4, 1974, Browning unearthed a fascinating detail: a police car had cruised up alongside the getaway car, but the officer only warned the woman driver, Patricia Soltysek, to turn on her lights.

Patty was a composed witness, meeting the questions head-on, never saying too much in reply and thus giving the prosecutor a new lead. At one point, Browning took up a line of questioning that seemed to work for Patty rather than against her. He got her to repeat in more detail earlier testimony in which she told how she had been sexually molested by Donald DeFreeze, the self-styled "field marshal" of the S.L.A. who was known as "Cinque." Asked Browning: "Did he pinch one of your breasts?"

"I really don't remember," Patty replied. For the first time during that session, she began to cry, wiping the tears away with a tissue she kept clenched in her fist.

"Was it under your clothing?"

"Yes."

"In both places?"

"All right. Your breasts he

pinched by touching your skin.

The public area he did not touch your skin—is that true?"

"That's right."

The jury followed that exchange intently. Not only were

there seven women in the box, but the number of children per juror averaged 3.5—a fact that had pleased Bailey. He assumed that such a jury would be sympathetic to the plight of a girl who was 19 when she was seized.

Patty seemed to be controlling the interrogation when Browning raised the question of her relations with William Wolfe. On one of her Tania tapes, Patty had said that she loved Wolfe, whom she had called "Cujo." Under Bailey's direct examination, however, she testified that Wolfe had raped her while she was imprisoned in a cramped closet in Daly City, just south of San Francisco.

Asked Browning: "Did you, in

fact, have a strong feeling for Cujo?"

"In a way, yes."

"As a matter of fact, did you love him?"

"No..."

"Well," said Browning, "you answered my earlier question, Miss Hearst, that it's sort of correct that you thought highly of him. Can you enlarge..."

Bailey, interrupting: "She didn't say that."

Patty: "I didn't say that at all."

Browning, with growing exasperation: "Well, what did you say?"

Patty: "I said I had a strong feeling about him."

Browning then violated one of the basic rules of a trial lawyer: he put a question without knowing how it would be answered.

"Well," asked the prosecutor, "what was that feeling?"

"I couldn't stand him," she coldly replied.

Browning seemed to have more success when he concentrated on the opportunities that Patty passed up to escape from the S.L.A. The prosecutor stumbled on what was perhaps the most important example, which occurred after she was allowed out of the two tiny closets where she said she had been confined for some two months. Questioning her about life in the terrorists' hideout in Apartment 6 at 1827 Golden Gate Avenue in San Francisco, the prosecutor discovered that the members of the group took turns standing guard.

"I take it you did not stand guard," said Browning.

"I did, finally, yes."

"You did?" asked Browning, unable to hide his surprise.

Patty added that she had not been armed, but conceded that weapons were easily available to her. Browning drove the point home: "So you could have, had you wanted to, gone into the closet and gotten a weapon at almost any time that the others were asleep, is that right?"

"And then do what with it?" Patty asked, echoing her basic defense that she had been afraid that the S.L.A. would have hunted her down if she had tried to leave. But Browning had established that the S.L.A. members so trusted Patty that some two weeks before the bank robbery, they would go to sleep while giving her access to guns.

Browning asked why she had not taken DeFreeze up on his offer to let her go free, which he made on two occasions before the bank robbery.

"Because they wouldn't have let me go," said Patty.

"How do you know that?"

Patty was close to tears again when she answered. "Well, I mean maybe I should have taken the chance."

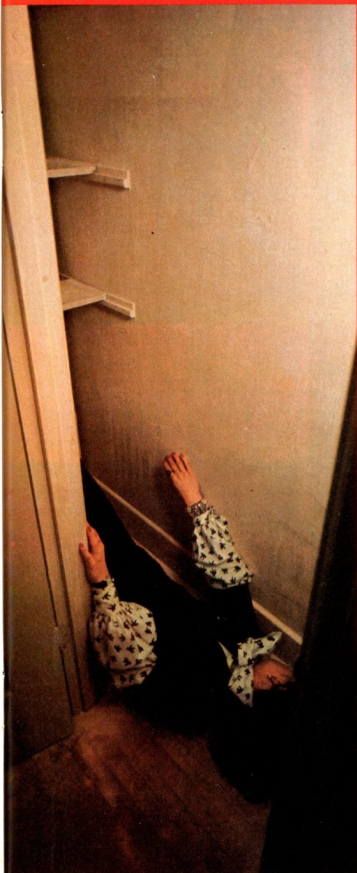
The prosecutor brought out that Patty had been allowed to go off jogging or walking on her own from the Pennsylvania farmhouse she occupied in the summer of 1974 with S.L.A. Members William and Emily Harris and Wendy



GOING TO SEE HER S.L.A. CLOSET "CELL"
A mob-and-media event.

cisco's Hibernia Bank. Then came the climactic moment of the trial as U.S. Attorney James L. Browning Jr. began cross-examining Patty to try to show she was a liar.

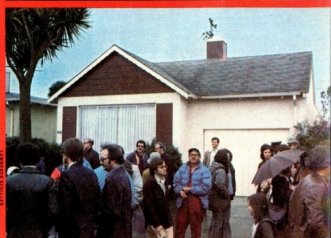
The duel was a dramatic test for both. A conscientious but colorless prosecutor, Browning had been overshadowed throughout the trial by Assistant Attorney F. Lee Bailey. Browning had not tried a case in six years; instead, he administered the work of his assistants. San Francisco lawyers tended to dismiss him with faint praise ("Jim—well, he's a nice guy"). But the prosecutor was stubbornly confident he would win: he had the facts, he liked to say. Bailey him-



Top: Patty escorted last week by Deputy U.S. Marshal Janey Jimenez. Middle: The jury and Patty visit an apartment (red arrow) containing a tiny closet that was her cell for four weeks (shown opposite with model). Bottom: The group next tour a house where the S.L.A. kept Patty closeted for another month.

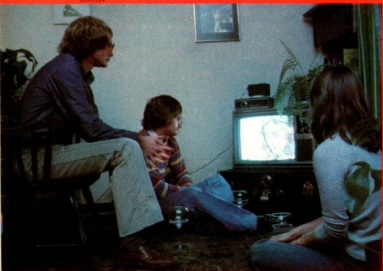


RED CLAY—PLEDES



STANLEY J. ROSENBERG

RENNER



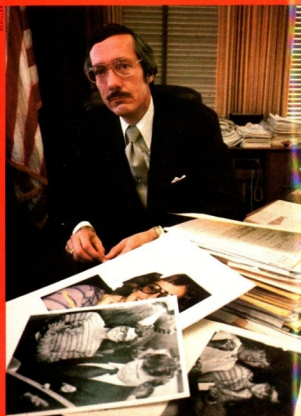
JOE ROBERTS—EPA



Top: Defense Attorney Bailey greeting Patty's mother outside courthouse. Bottom: Prosecutor Browning in his office preparing for his cross-examination. Top left: Steven Weed (in chair) watching trial news on TV. Middle: S.L.A. stronghold burning during 1974 shootout; jury saw the films. Bottom: Interior of the Hibernia Bank held up by the S.L.A. Red arrow marks Patty's location during robbery.



RENNER



Yoshimura, a fugitive radical. Patty admitted that her companions had taken to calling her by a new nickname: "Pearl." Browning was trying to show that Patty was a relaxed and willing member of the group, not a captive who—as she had claimed—had frequently had her eye blackened by Harris.

Choking Emotion. When she returned to San Francisco, Patty testified, she had stopped living with the Harrises and rented an apartment with Wendy Yoshimura. Even under those circumstances, Patty said, she had not tried to escape because she was afraid the Harrises would find her and kill her.

Discussing Patty's stay in San Francisco before her capture, Browning appeared to stumble when he asked if she had tried to reach her parents. Patty's eyes again filled with tears as she looked at her parents in the front row.

"No," she said, choking with emotion, "because ... I felt if my parents ..."

"Pardon me?"

"I felt that my parents wouldn't want to see me again."

In full view of the jurors, Catherine Hearst buried her face in her hands and wept.

Taking another tack, however, Browning scored when he asked Patty if it was true, as she had said on a tape, that the theory that she had been brainwashed was "ridiculous beyond belief."

"I guess so," said Patty. "Yes."

Browning should have left the matter at that, but he weakened his point by asking one more question.

"Do you now feel that you had in fact been brainwashed at any time, Miss Hearst?"

"I'm not sure what happened to me."

When court recessed at noon, Bailey did his best to offset Patty's admission. He explained that "brainwashing" was a "media" term he had adopted while dealing with the press. He would not use the term during the trial, because "it has no medical meaning." Bailey's defense for the bank robbery would be "extreme physical coercion" and "thought reform" to explain why she continued to stay with the S.L.A.

As the trial resumed the next day, Browning got Patty to admit that her testimony that she lived in constant fear of her captors was exaggerated. "You had convinced them you were with them, that you were part of the S.L.A., didn't you?" asked Browning.

"Yes."

"So to a large degree you were acting at that time, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"Are you a good actress?"

"Not particularly, no."

"Are you acting now?"

Bailey jumped to his feet and snarled, "I object to that!"

Judge Oliver Carter sustained the objection, but cautioned the defense attorney to show "a little less heat and a little more light."

Browning won one duel with Bailey, only to throw the victory away by committing the worst gaffe of his cross-examination. With the jury out of the room, he persuaded Judge Carter to bar the defense from discussing the threats against the Hearsts that have occurred since the trial began, and the bombing on Feb. 12 at San Simeon, the former estate of Patriarch William Randolph Hearst. (At week's end, the FBI and local police arrested six people with alleged connections to the New World Liberation Front, the terrorist group

which had been shielded from the facts, about the bombing at San Simeon, adding that "my parents received a letter threatening my life if I took the witness stand, and they wanted a quarter of a million dollars put into the Bill and Emily Harris Defense Fund.")

After Browning completed his cross-examination of Patty on Friday, Bailey introduced a witness who supported her story. Ulysses Hall, a tall, athletic black man, told the jury that DeFreeze, whom he had met while they were both in jail, had invited him to join his organization. Hall said that he declined the offer, but spoke to DeFreeze after the bank robbery. DeFreeze, he said, told him that he had had three ways of handling Patty: to kill her; to turn her loose; or to adopt the course that he chose—"put her in a position where she'd become a part

of the gang—"front her off to where the FBI, CIA, whoever, would be looking for her as well as them, and the only people she could look to help her would be them." Hall also said DeFreeze had told him that he had decided a gun would be pointed at Patty's head during the robbery, and that "if she did anything funny, she'd be shot."

Before the cross-examination, the week had begun with typical bits of spectacular stage-managing by Bailey to drive home to the jury the horrors that his client faced while being held captive by the S.L.A. The jurors were taken to see the two closets that Patty claimed had been her tiny prison cells after her abduction. The expedition turned out to be a mob-and-media event that might have been conceived by Nathanael West (*The Day of the Locust*).

Visiting the second of the closets first, the entourage drove to a predominantly black neighborhood in northern San Francisco, where ungraciously aging Victorian structures line the streets. Some 150 newsmen and photographers were already waiting at 1827 Golden Gate Ave. when Patty arrived in a green Plymouth. In the crush, U.S. marshals formed a flying wedge to lead Patty.

Churning Mob. Patty was escorted up to No. 6 on the third floor—an unoccupied studio apartment that had been rented to the S.L.A. for \$125 a month. One by one, the jurors walked into the closet that Patty said had been her jail for about four weeks. It was 19 in. wide and 60 in. long. Albert Johnson, Bailey's portly assistant, could not squeeze inside. Patty briefly entered the chamber. "She cried, she sobbed," Johnson reported. "I had to hold her up. I thought she was going to faint." White as death, Patty was hustled out of the



PATTY SUPPORTER OUTSIDE FEDERAL COURTHOUSE

The witness was composed, the prosecutor stumbled.

that has claimed responsibility for the San Simeon bombing.) Bailey wanted the jury to hear about these incidents, arguing that they showed the pattern of intimidation to which Patty had been subjected over the last two years.

Later, while questioning Patty, Browning sarcastically suggested that she could have escaped from the Harrises by anonymously turning them in to the police by telephone. Patty said she had thought of making the call, but had not because she was afraid that the Harrises could get her killed even if jailed. When Browning expressed his skepticism, Patty said: "It's happening like that now on the street."

"What do you mean?" Browning snapped, and then, realizing what he had done, tried to withdraw the question. But Bailey was on his feet demanding that his client be allowed to answer, and Judge Carter ruled in his favor. Patty then proceeded to tell the startled jury,

THE NATION

building by marshals, escorted through the churning mob and virtually thrown into the waiting Plymouth.

The car sped off on a 20-minute drive to Daly City. She was taken to a small, neat tract home where she said she had first been held by the S.L.A. after her abduction. Patty and the jurors looked at the first closet, which was 24 in. wide and 66 in. long. (The house is now owned by a family that leases the closet—which is kept locked—to the FBI for an incredible \$299 a month. The owner complains that the FBI is in arrears.) Patty was close to collapse as she looked at the cell where she said she was held for around 4½ weeks.

The day after those visits, Bailey put Patty on the stand to tell of her life in the closets. He spoke to her like a father, leaning toward the witness box and questioning her so calmly that the two

turning his witness over to Browning.

At one point, Bailey heatedly objected when Browning moved to question Patty about her activities between the fall of 1974, when she returned from the East and September 1975, when she moved back to San Francisco. Bailey claimed that Browning was trying to elicit testimony that might be used against Patty in "another criminal proceeding" in the Sacramento area.

Judge Carter excused the jury to allow the lawyers to pursue the point. Nineteen times, at Bailey's direction, Patty invoked the Fifth Amendment against self-incrimination as Browning asked questions. The prosecutor was apparently trying to get Patty to testify about any role she may have played in the robbery of the Crocker National Bank branch in Carmichael, last April 21. During the Crocker robbery, a wom-

told her "I'd better not talk to my lawyers, and that if I said anything about what had happened that they would be charged with the kidnapping, and that better not happen." Bailey wanted to know what exactly might happen. "Somebody might kill me," said Patty.

Censored Tapes. Her charges are challenged by the Harrises in a copyrighted jailhouse interview in *New Times*. The Harrises describe Patty as being eager to join the S.L.A. because she was disillusioned with her family and her past. Far from being forced to make her tapes, Emily claims, Patty was so disgusted with her parents that she had to be censored out of fear that the Hearsts would lose interest in trying to ransom their daughter.

The Harrises said that Patty had loved Willie Wolfe, as she said on a tape, and slept with him willingly. They added that neither Wolfe nor DeFreeze ever molested her.

As for Patty's claims of being closely confined, Emily says that "she had freedom from the day she ceased to be a prisoner of war. She rode buses, went shopping, went to movies." Once, the Harrises claim, Patty literally was in the hands of the authorities. A few months before her arrest, the three were walking on a beach near San Francisco when Patty began to climb up a cliff toward the highway. Assuming she was in trouble, two men whom the Harrises identified as "rangers" came to her aid. Because climbing the cliffs was forbidden, the men made out a report on Patty. They did not recognize her, the Harrises guessed, because she was wearing a wig and makeup freckles. Says Bill Harris: "She could have said anything, like, 'I'm Patty Hearst, get me out of here.' But she didn't."

Emily Harris' explanation for Patty's testimony: "She's getting on the stand and lying under oath in order to save her ass."

This week the two sides are expected to call experts in behavior to support their respective views about Patty's conduct. Judge Carter is scheduled to decide not only whether to let the jury hear the evidence about her activities in Sacramento but will rule on the admissibility of a tape surreptitiously made in prison of Patty talking to a visiting girl friend. During their talk, Patty proclaimed herself to have a "revolutionary feminist perspective," and said that she was "pissed off" when she was captured. Understandably, Browning would like to question her about that.

If Judge Carter turns down Browning on both issues, Patty's ordeal on the stand—during this trial at least—may be over. At week's end Bailey said he had not decided whether to call Patty for a redirect examination. "Redirect is to repair damage which has been done." The quote was pure Bailey: breezy, confident, and brushing aside the best efforts of Jim Browning during the long week of his own ordeal.

TOM ZIMMERMAN—PLEDGE-NEW TIMES



S.L.A. MEMBERS WILLIAM & EMILY HARRIS AWAITING TRIAL IN LOS ANGELES PRISON
If Patty did not cooperate, she testified, "I'd be dead."

might have been having an intimate conversation away from the eyes of all the strangers in the room. Patty said that she had lost 15 lbs. in the closets, dropping to a weight of 90 lbs., and that when the blindfolds were removed, the light had stabbed painfully into her eyes. She vividly re-created the tension that she claimed she lived under the all-consuming fear that if she did not cooperate with her captors, "I'd be dead."

Patty said that she had been convinced that the authorities were out to kill her, a belief reinforced, she claimed, when Los Angeles police stormed an S.L.A. hideaway in the famous fiery shootout that she watched on television. She recalled how the announcers pointed out that she was thought to be in the house that was being blasted with more than 5,000 rounds of ammunition. To strengthen the point, Bailey played the color films of the gun battle before

an was shot to death. A federal grand jury has tried to determine if Patty was involved in the crime, but no indictment has been brought against her. Judge Carter postponed until this week his decision whether or not to allow the Government to introduce any evidence that might involve Patty in the robbery.

Throughout her testimony before the jury, Patty often contended that she was terrified of two S.L.A. ideologues, William and Emily Harris. Patty testified that Harris was one of the men who abducted her from the apartment she had been occupying with Steven Weed, her fiancé. Not only did the Harrises intimidate her throughout the 16 months that they were on the run together after the L.A. shootout, Patty claimed, but the threats continued even after they were captured. When they occupied adjoining cells in the San Mateo County jail, Patty said, Emily Harris

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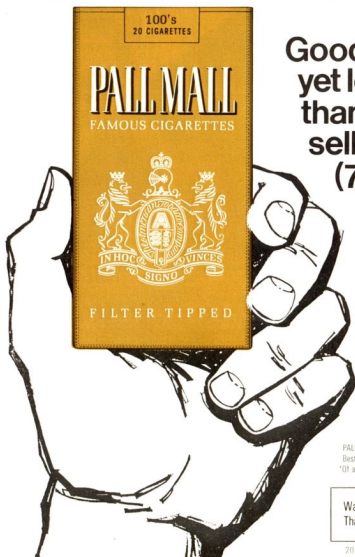
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KISSINGER WELCOMED BY PERU'S DE LA FLOR & WITH BRAZILIAN FOREIGN MINISTER SILVEIRA AT SIGNING OF NEW ACCORD

THE WORLD

DIPLOMACY

Dr. Kissinger's Pills for Latin America

Henry Kissinger has never paid very much attention to Latin America, at least not enough to please Latin leaders. Indeed, since the U.S. Secretary of State proclaimed a "new dialogue" in 1973, he has canceled three announced trips to the southern half of the hemisphere. Last week Kissinger finally got the new dialogue going with visits to Venezuela, Peru and Brazil. This week, to wind up his tour, he will stop in Colombia, Costa Rica and Guatemala.

Parity and Dignity. Kissinger's main objective was to persuade Latin Americans that the U.S. really does care, but not everyone was convinced. In Venezuela, one columnist noted sarcastically: "During the past few days, certain government officials have been very excited. We can't tell whether to attribute the excitement to the visit of Henry Kissinger or the visit of Raquel Welch." Colombia's left-wing weekly *Alternativa*, arguing that Kissinger was not coming to negotiate but to impose conditions, ran a full-page cartoon of the Secretary declaring, "The Guatemala earthquake was just a warning."

Nonetheless, State Department officials have been saying Kissinger has undergone a "change of perception" on Latin America since the days when he put the region at the bottom of his list of international priorities. He has apparently come to feel that Latin America's problems are an important part of the larger U.S. relationship with the Third World. Venezuela is a major oil exporter. Brazil and Mexico are experiencing rapid economic growth. As a

whole, the continent has supported the Third World's clamorous demand that the industrialized countries provide more aid to the poorer countries.

The Kissinger trip, moreover, comes at a time of new irritations in Latin America. There is a feeling in the area, as in the rest of the world, that congressional-Executive Branch quarrels in Washington have set U.S. foreign policy adrift. Many Latin Americans are also wondering whether the U.S. will help if Fidel Castro's Cuban expeditionary forces try to repeat their Angola performance closer to home. Then too, last week's trip came just after disclosures of illegal payoffs in Latin America by such multinational giants as Lockheed, Gulf and Occidental Petroleum.

Arriving in Venezuela on the first stop of his tour, Kissinger lost no time outlining a detailed American program for dealing with these issues. Addressing a symposium of diplomats, academics and businessmen in the seaside resort of Caraballeda, Kissinger promised U.S. action in six areas. These include greater U.S. aid through the International Monetary Fund and the Inter-American Development Bank, help in stabilizing commodity prices, and cooperation with the Latin American Economic System (SELA), a plan for regional economic cooperation founded last year.

On noneconomic issues, Kissinger promised to negotiate with individual countries on a basis of "parity and dignity." That presumably includes one of the touchiest problems facing the U.S.: the Panama Canal (see box following

page). Continuing his global effort to inspire confidence in America's reliability, Kissinger also pledged "to enforce our commitment to mutual security ... against those who would seek to threaten independence or export violence"—meaning the Cubans. In fact, it was Venezuelan President Carlos Andrés Pérez who, in his private talks with Kissinger, raised the new "hemispheric reality" of Cuba's Angolan intervention.

Kissinger's 39 hours in Venezuela included a tire-squealing 60-m.p.h. climb from the sea-level airport up to Caracas, where Kissinger placed a wreath at the Simón Bolívar shrine. "Your Secretary of State is a Yankee *torbellino* [whirlwind]," marveled one Caracas motorcycle cop. Near the end of the visit, a local journalist asked President Pérez if Kissinger had broken the ice between the two countries. Pérez's reply: "Ice doesn't grow in tropical countries."

Astride the Gap. The positive mood continued during the Secretary's 24-hour stopover in Peru, whose left-leaning military government espouses what it describes as "revolutionary socialist nationalism." Kissinger conferred for nearly an hour with Military Junta President General Francisco Morales Bermúdez, gave a luncheon at the U.S. embassy, and attended a dinner in his honor at the Palacio Torre Tagle in Lima. His basic message: the U.S. does not object to Peru's pro-Third World policies and invites Lima to consult regularly with Washington "to discuss issues of common concern." In Brazil, the Secretary appraised the country as a rel-

THE WORLD

atively advanced society that still tends to support Third World demands against the rich nations. As he put it during a banquet in Brasilia, it "stands astride the great international challenge of our time: the gap between the developed and the developing worlds."

It would be logical, in Kissinger's view, for Brazil to become the southern anchor of stability in the Western Hemisphere. In acknowledgment of this potentially key international role, Kissin-

ger and Brazilian Foreign Minister Antônio Francisco Azeredo da Silveira signed an agreement establishing twice-yearly talks on such matters as trade, technology exchange and aid.

In all, Kissinger's trip was an important boost to the Latin Americans' sense of their own growing importance. But, as some local observers were quick to point out, the favorable mood will have to be followed by concrete action. They place emphasis on such difficult is-

ssues as the behavior of U.S. multinationals, the unfavorable balance of trade that most hemisphere nations have with the U.S., and actual aid to the region for economic development. As one Peruvian newsmen put it, "Kissinger's visit has been brief and hurried, like a doctor's call. But the real patient is the U.S.-Latin America relationship, the mending of which will take something more permanent and substantial than the few reassuring pills he has given us."

Panama: The Enduring Irritant

In the course of his Venezuelan speech last week, Henry Kissinger promised to negotiate differences between the U.S. and its Latin-American neighbors "with parity and dignity." As proof of his good intentions, the Secretary of State noted that the U.S. and Panama "are continuing to move forward in their historic negotiations on a Panama Canal treaty to establish a reliable long-term relationship between our two nations." Kissinger's Latin listeners, who unanimously support the return of the canal to Panama, were attentive but skeptical.

The fact is that progress has been snail-paced in the two years since Kissinger and Panamanian Foreign Minister Juan Antonio Tack signed a joint statement of principles to launch negotiations on terms for returning the canal.

ANTI-AMERICAN GRAFFITI IN PANAMA CITY

The longer negotiations continue between U.S. Ambassador-at-Large Ellsworth Bunker and Panamanian Strongman Brigadier General Omar Torrijos Herrera, the more obstacles seem to crop up. A conservative bloc led by South Carolina's Senator Strom Thurmond flatly opposes surrender of U.S. sovereignty over the canal; 34 votes in the Senate are enough to defeat a treaty embodying the terms of the Bunker negotiations, and at the moment Thurmond's bloc appears to have them. Thurmond is vocally supported on the scene by Zionians—especially the 4,500 U.S. civilians who operate the canal; some of their families have lived there for three generations. Alarmed by the negotiations and by falling canal traffic, which is forcing economy cuts, the Zionians last week held a rare public protest to flay Kissinger and the Administration.

Bunker, meanwhile, was back on Contadora Island, the negotiation site, 30 minutes by helicopter from Panama City. For the latest talks, he brought an enlarged delegation from Washington; the size of the group, plus the fact that it included a retired Army general, convinced some observers that the Pentagon had softened its opposition to the negotiations. Until now military experts have opposed proposals to reduce U.S. bases in the canal

from 14 to three and eliminate the Army's inter-American training school. The school has trained officers from all over Latin America, but is criticized by leftists for its anti-guerrilla courses.

The official U.S. view is that there is no reason, military or economic, not to return the 51-mile-long canal. Neither supertankers nor the biggest U.S. aircraft carriers can squeeze through it. Yielding the waterway, moreover, would remove a major irritant in U.S. relations with Latin Americans, who have long resented the second-class status of Panamanians in the zone. But in return for giving up the canal and increasing payments to the Panamanian government for its use, the U.S. wants operating control at least until the beginning of the 21st century.

The negotiations are nevertheless a political booby trap for both sides. The canal may yet become an issue in the U.S. presidential campaign. Ronald Reagan met several months ago in Boca Raton, Fla., with former Panamanian President Arnulfo Arias, whom Torrijos ousted in 1968. Earlier Reagan had accused the Administration of "giving up the defense of the hemisphere on the installment plan." As for Arias, he reportedly promised a softer Panamanian stand if he returned to power. Torrijos seems to accept the Ford Administration's efforts to keep negotiations low-key until after the November elections.

By then the Panamanian leader may be facing sizable pressures. To prevent the return of Arias, a political oligarch, the general is keeping a watchful eye on the former President's well-heeled supporters. Last month, after wealthy farmers and businessmen met to protest the government's agrarian and educational reforms, Torrijos retaliated by packing eleven of his critics off into exile in Ecuador. After a five-day slowdown by business leaders, Torrijos changed his mind and agreed to allow the exiles to return. Heavier pressure is coming from leftist university students who demand the speedy return of the canal and total elimination of the American presence. Marching last month in memory of 21 "martyrs" who were killed by "Yanqui bullets" during bloody Canal Zone riots in 1964, students carried placards with the curt warning: NO BASES.



U.S. INFANTRYMEN RETURN TO BARRACKS IN CANAL ZONE AFTER EXERCISES



"Jet Skiing past Toronto's CN Tower, I found I was on a collision course with a speedboat!"

"A Jet Ski can streak over the water as smooth as silk. But if the waves get wild, it's like a bucking bronco with a burr under the saddle."



"Diane saw the speedboat bearing down on us first. 'Look out!' she shouted. I swerved and narrowly avoided a bone-crunching crash. But now I was trapped in the boat's choppy wake."



"No cork in a storm-tossed ocean was ever more jolted, jarred and jangled. Next time, I thought, I'll pick a sleepy tropical lagoon to Jet Ski on."



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Why? Simple economics: It often cost more to transport and process a hulk than it was worth.

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100% scrap. It's cleaner than other furnaces and it uses less energy.

It's also relatively small, so it may be located economically near the source of scrap, reducing transportation costs.

Union Carbide created the electrode that makes possible this versatile furnace.

It's only one of our many contributions to the steel industry.

But it's helping the country get rid of a nightmare.



**Today, something we do
will touch your life.**





**All the
fuss about
smoking
got me
thinking I'd either
quit or smoke True.**

**I smoke
True.**

King Regular: 11 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine; 100's Menthol: 13 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov '75.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



The low tar, low nicotine cigarette. Think about it.

MIDDLE EAST

The Sinai's Willing Hostages

Atop a sere, windblown hill rising 2,000 ft. above the central Sinai desert, 170 American men and women this week assume the task of securing the fragile peace between Egypt and Israel. Dressed in bright orange uniforms—so that they can be easily seen against the sun-baked sand—the members of the State Department's Sinai Field Mission are operating monitoring stations in the Giddi and Mitla passes, scene of three wars in the past 20 years. The puny American presence could scarcely halt an armored column intent on starting a fourth war. Rather, since Egypt and Israel trust Washington more than they trust each other, the Americans are in the passes as hostages for peace.

The U.S. mission is part of a series of complicated moves worked out during Henry Kissinger's Middle East shuttle last September. Last week Israeli forces in the Sinai evacuated 1,660 sq. mi. of captured Egyptian territory, including the key passes that Israel has held since the '67 war. Egyptian troops moved forward and occupied the territory up to the western approaches to the passes. The two sides apparently worked out the latest move affably. "Relations were far better than we expected," reported one Israeli officer. "We drank coffee and played soccer together. If we kept up this atmosphere, we could have peace." A 4,400-man United Nations Emergency Force nevertheless took up positions in a buffer zone between the two armies. The Americans will monitor any movement by the two armies from three watch stations in the passes. So will more sophisticated Israeli and

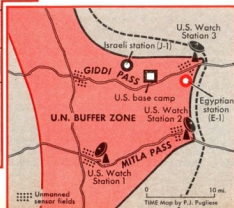
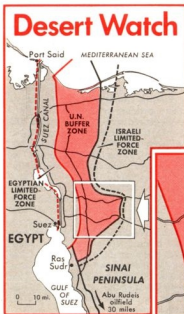
Egyptian stations near by, known respectively as J-1 and E-1 (from map coordinates, not ethnic shorthand), that were built with U.S. assistance.

The Americans, all nonmilitary volunteers, will operate from a barren hill in the Giddi Pass 30 miles east of the Suez Canal. In scarcely four weeks, the area has been converted into a self-contained Little America. Temporary barracks and a mess hall were flown in from the U.S., along with generators, electric fly catchers, Xerox copiers and even "Porta Potti" toilets. By September prefabricated concrete modules will be in place. Sand is even being shipped into the Sinai in a coals-to-Newcastle operation; the local sand is so salt-saturated that it is useless for cement mixing.

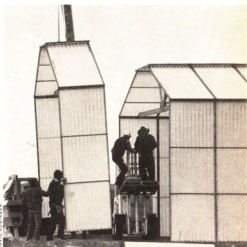
Once work crews depart, the village will be occupied by 28 Government employees and 142 technicians, maintenance workers and clerks hired by E-Systems Inc., a Dallas-based electronics company. Six of the contingent are women. Under a contract that will eventually amount to \$10 million annually, shifts of E-System experts will operate three watch stations from which four sensor fields at either end of both passes will be automatically monitored.

Watch System. Aside from unexploded ordnance (workmen have already found two rockets and a 500-lb. bomb at the American site), the twelve- to 18-month duty tours are not likely to be exceptionally hazardous. Besides, says C. William Kontos, who heads the State Department section overseeing the mission, "on the one side you have the whole of the Israeli army, on the other the whole of the Egyptian army, plus 4,400 U.N. troops in between."

Living conditions are likely to be difficult at best. Personnel at the base have to scrape frost off the windshields of their Jeeps each morning, but before long they will be sweating out midday temperatures that can reach 130° in unshaded areas. Flies and sandstorms are routine, hailstorms are seasonal. To ease the inevitable boredom, there will be tennis, volleyball, movies, and television from both Cairo and Tel Aviv. There



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ISRAELI TROOPS WAITING TO WITHDRAW
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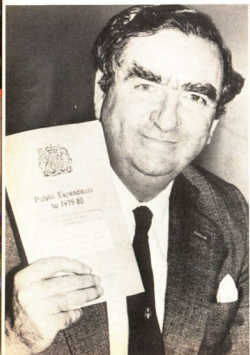
THE WORLD

will be no swimming pool, however, because there is not enough water.

For all the obvious discomfort, after the watch system was proposed last fall, there were 3,000 applicants for the E-Systems jobs, which pay between \$17,000 and \$25,000 annually, as well as a long list of volunteers for the Government posts. The desert force is headed by Nicholas G.W. (for Gracian Ward) Thorne, 55, a retired Marine officer with sandy regimental mustache who for 14 years has been a globe-trekking State Department troubleshooter. One of Thorne's primary concerns is to maintain a painstaking neutrality. Mission members will be required to split their leaves between Cairo and Tel Aviv, each about five hours away by car. Of nine wives who will accompany the party, the five with no children will be sent to Cairo and the four with children to Tel Aviv, where the schools are better. Thorne, the model of neutrality, maintains an apartment in each city.

Important Presence. Because the Egyptian and Israeli surveillance stations can detect anything that moves in the area, some observers consider the U.S. mission's assignment useless. "They might as well spend all their time at that comfortable base camp of theirs, for all the good they will be doing," says one Western officer. Asks another: "You know what SFM really stands for? Singularly Futile Mission." Replies Thorne: "In a way, our presence is more important than what we do." He is right. Both sides are apt to think hard about a new offensive if it means rolling over the U.S. station. Although the Americans can be withdrawn unilaterally by Washington, they expect to stay indefinitely as proof of the U.S. commitment to preserving peace in the Middle East.

DENIS HEALEY DISPLAYS WHITE PAPER



ROWS OF PUBLICLY SUBSIDIZED HOUSES IN CAMDEN DISTRICT OF LONDON

BRITAIN

It's High Time to Call It a Day

In a historic reversal of party policy, Prime Minister Harold Wilson's Labor government last week conceded that ambitious social-welfare programs were crippling Britain's economy and announced plans for vast cuts in public spending. Setting forth a four-year economic plan in a 149-page White Paper, Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey proposed a \$3.6 billion cut in public spending for 1977-78 and a further \$6 billion cut for 1978-79—a reduction of 12% on original plans.

Healey had probably gone about as far as any Labor Chancellor could ever be expected to go. Nonetheless, the Confederation of British Industries denounced the program as "too little, too late." Tory Shadow Chancellor Sir Geoffrey Howe called it "a devastating admission of the government's huge mistakes in the past." The drastic austerity plan, said Liberal Party Spokesman Richard Wainwright, was the price for "years of debauchery conducted on tick [credit]"—Britain's version of the installment plan. Though left-wing Laborites denounced the White Paper as a "document of shame," other party stalwarts were more sympathetic. "Mr. Healey had to act," said the mass-circulation *Daily Mirror*.

Healey's ax fell heavily on many of the welfare state's most sacred cows. Education will be hardest hit, with cuts totaling more than \$2 billion (5%) by 1980. More than \$1 billion in food subsidies will be phased out; a \$150 million fund to guarantee lower milk prices is the only exception. Transportation subsidies will be almost halved and construction programs for schools, hospitals and roads sharply curtailed. There will be stiff increases in public-housing rents, which had been unrealistically low. Subsidized school lunches, still the mainstay of many children's diets, will cost more.


The cuts will not take effect until mid-1977, lest they impede Britain's recovery from the recession and add to an unusually high unemployment figure of nearly 1.5 million. Nonetheless, a London *Times* headline summed it up best: SO THE PARTY'S OVER.

The only sector that will receive substantial budget increases in the new plan is private industry. Healey's rationale: Britain cannot go on consuming wealth unless her industries produce it first. "If we want to regenerate manufacturing industry," said Healey, "we must leave enough resources free from public expenditure." While Britain's gross national product has risen less than 2% over the past three years, public spending has skyrocketed by almost ten times that figure. Such spending now devours a staggering 60% of the G.N.P., up from 50% in 1973 and 42% in 1960. The national debt has risen from \$8 billion in 1970 to an estimated \$25 billion this year. Indeed, the cuts proposed last week will not even cover the \$15 billion-debt interest payments that are due by 1980.

Bilking the Rich. Without cuts in public spending and incentives to private industry, said Healey, taxes would have to be increased to the point that they would "undoubtedly corrode the will to work throughout the country." As it is, because public spending will continue to rise despite the cuts, there may have to be a boost in income taxes too. By 1979 the average tax burden could rise from 41% of income to between 43% and 47%. Before anyone could suggest the alternative of bilking the rich even more, Britain's "Iron Chancellor" pointed out that even if the government taxed away all income over \$10,000, the revenues would yield only \$800 million. That might just keep the nation afloat in subsidized tea for one more year—but not much longer.

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distrust

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—were you a little skeptical?
- When the President announced that the recession was over
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ANGOLA

Recognition, Not Control

Almost as soon as the Soviet- and Cuban-backed Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (M.P.L.A.) claimed military victory in Angola, the rush to recognition was on. Britain, Italy, seven other Western European countries and Canada all followed the lead of France last week in acknowledging M.P.L.A. Leader Agostinho Neto's regime as the legitimate government of Angola. Only 22 members of the Organization of African Unity recognized the M.P.L.A. in January; by week's end the number stood at 38.

Despite such successes, the M.P.L.A. was far less sure of achieving genuine control of the country. The Western-backed factions that had been outgunned in conventional warfare—the National Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA) and the National Front for the Liberation of Angola (F.N.L.A.)—were regrouping into guerrilla bands.

From his mobile headquarters in southern Angola's arid wastelands, UNITA Leader Jonas Savimbi sent out a recorded message of defiance. "We are to continue our struggle," said Savimbi, "because we cannot accept a minority regime imposed on our people by Cuban troops and Russian tanks." Aided by hidden arms caches, Savimbi's guerrillas last week ambushed several Soviet trucks and troop carriers. With seemingly solid support from the 2 million-strong southern Ovimbundu tribe (out of a total Angolan population estimated to be 5.5 million), Savimbi has the potential to thwart M.P.L.A. control over nearly half the country.

An even more serious obstacle to M.P.L.A. rule is the sad state of Angolan civil administration. In southern cities like Huambo and Bié (formerly Silva Porto), white Portuguese held virtually every civil job before independence, all the way down to postal clerks and telephone operators. With many trained people gone into exile or into the bush, the problem of staffing a new government may be insuperable.

Crucial Exports. To dilute support for Savimbi, the Luanda government last week made friendly overtures to its opponents' key backers. In private messages sent to Zambia and Zaïre, Neto said that in exchange for recognition, he would allow his two neighbors to resume transport of their crucial copper exports over the Benguela Railway.

Most important, Neto ordered his Cuban-led forces to halt their move south, where 5,000 South African regulars are stationed along Angola's 830-mile border with South West Africa (Namibia). The halt forestalled a clash that some feared might trigger an all-out black war to "liberate" white-ruled southern Africa. At the same time, M.P.L.A. Foreign Minister José Eduardo

Dos Santos hinted that Luanda might guarantee the safety of South Africa's \$180 million investment in Angola's Cune River hydroelectric complex in exchange for recognition.

In any recognition deal, Neto's neighbors will undoubtedly want a promise that he will ship his 12,000 Cubans back home. That would also be a condition of U.S. recognition. The immediate fear is that the Cubans might move to Mozambique and join the black Rhodesian guerrillas based there in full-scale warfare against Ian Smith's white regime in Rhodesia. That worry was sharpened last week by reports that Soviet tanks had been landed at the Mozambique port of Beira.

NIGERIA

Penny-Ante Putsch

Flags hung limply at half-mast in the oppressive heat of Lagos. Throughout Nigeria public meetings and other events were canceled. For seven days Africa's most populous nation (estimated at 60 million) officially mourned Head of State Murtala Mohammed, who was killed during an attempted coup on Friday, Feb. 13.

Nigeria, black Africa's richest and potentially most powerful state, has been unable to live up to its promise. Only six years ago the country pulled itself out of the devastating Biafran civil war. Murtala himself had come to power only seven months ago, after a successful coup deposed former Head of State General Yakubu Gowon.

Many Nigerians suspected foreign complicity in the latest plot, though there was no evidence of that. Students stoned the U.S. embassy and the British High Commission, where windows were broken and cars burned.

Champagne Party. Clearly a penny-ante putsch, the coup was the work of a small coterie of disaffected officers, who apparently made their move after an all-night champagne party. The regime claims that the plotters wanted to restore Gowon to power, and had consulted him in advance. The former leader, now studying political science at Britain's Warwick University, convincingly denied those charges.

The conspirators' one grim success came when they caught Murtala's black Mercedes limousine in a morning rush-hour traffic jam in Lagos. Raking the car with machine-gun fire, the plotters killed Murtala, his chauffeur and an aide. Shortly thereafter, Coup Leader Lieut. Colonel B.S. Dimka and six associates seized the Lagos radio station and announced that they were taking over the government. But there was no support for the action in the army and outlying states, and Dimka soon realized that he was finished. Hands in pockets, he jauntily said, "Excuse me," walked out of the Lagos radio station,

and has not turned up since. Meanwhile, loyalist tanks rolled up to Dodan barracks and routed the remaining rebels in a brief but bitter firefight. Seven hours after it started, the coup was over.

Following a round-the-clock meeting, the Federal Military Council named a new ruler: former Armed Forces Chief of Staff Lieut. General Olusegun Obasanjo, 38. Trained as an engineer in Britain and India, Obasanjo commanded the division that broke the back of the Biafran insurgency in 1970. Under Murtala, the tough, respected Obasanjo had been the regime's chief spokesman, more involved in managing day-to-day affairs than his somewhat aloof boss.

Most observers expect Obasanjo to continue Murtala's long-range program. This includes a vigorous war against corruption in government (Murtala sacked more than 11,000 civil servants and 200 army officers), a reduction of 40% in the size of the 250,000-member armed forces, and restoration of civilian rule by October 1979.

That is an ambitious program indeed for a country as difficult to govern as Nigeria. Despite an oil boom that has made it the world's seventh largest oil exporter, Nigeria's economy has lately been lagging. Unemployment is high, and the effort to cut the armed forces will throw some 100,000 former soldiers on the job market just when jobs are becoming harder to get. Dealing with that problem—and catching Murtala's murderers, who remained at large last week—may well be the biggest immediate challenges to the Obasanjo regime.

OBASANJO (LEFT) WITH MURTALA BEFORE COUP



Hard Times for Ivan

With their customary dazzling display of stagecraft, the Russians opened the Kremlin gates this week for the 25th performance of the classic miracle play of Communism: the Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. The onion domes and crosses atop the Kremlin's cathedrals and churches coruscated in the winter sunlight, while the renovated brick battlements of the

Communist parties (notably missing: representatives of China and Albania), who will attend in apparent recognition of Moscow as Marxism's shrine of orthodoxy and its seat of power.

The real business of the 25th congress* will take place not before a backdrop reminiscent of *Boris Godunov* but in the 6,000-seat auditorium of the Palace of Congresses, a hulking multimillion dollar marble-and-glass edifice that exemplifies the Soviets' conspicuous striving for modernity. Western Kremlinologists expect few surprises from this congress. According to one feeble joke current in Moscow last week, the delegates will in fact be treated to a performance of *Mnogo Shuma iz Nichego*, otherwise known as *Much Ado About Nothing*.

The Soviet press, as usual, has given the congress an extraordinary advance buildup. According to newspapers, radio and television reports, the entire nation is engaged in an orgy of self-congratulations for past achievements and eagerly waiting to learn about future goals to be elaborated at the congress. The official news agency Tass reported that "virtually the entire adult population of the Soviet Union" was discussing the 21,000-word five-year plan for 1976-80, which was published in December and will be the subject of most of the major addresses. The plan is officially described as "a new, important stage in creating the material and technical basis of Communism, in improving social relations and molding a new man, in enhancing the socialist way of life." At the same time, the Soviet press has noticeably intensified its coverage of strikes, bankruptcies, unemployment, inflation and crime in the capitalist West, while maintaining that Communism has triumphantly resolved all of these burdensome problems.

To judge from the banners and slogans that garlanded every major Moscow thoroughfare, all 15 members of the Politburo are joined in "monolithic unity" with the people. Reinforcing this impression was the announcement that Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev, 69, would deliver the Soviet equivalent of a "state of the union" address. This traditionally lasts from five to six hours—scarcely an undertaking for a man long rumored to be suffering from a fatal physical or political illness. Premier Aleksei Kosygin, 71, whose survival in power is often linked to Brezhnev's, is scheduled to deliver the crucial report on the economy.

Behind the façade of socialist pagantry and the rhetoric of fraternal sol-

idarity lies another, incomparably more complex reality. Clearly, the congress marks a time for national stocktaking. New crises, problems and opportunities are at hand for the U.S.S.R. Leonid Brezhnev's decade-long rule is inexorably coming to its natural end, even though Kremlinologists no longer believe he will use the congress podium to announce his retirement. Whatever the state of his health, this is surely the last Party congress over which he will preside as General Secretary. Several others in the gerontocratic Politburo (average age: 66) will also not survive for another performance in the Palace of Congresses. Among the first to retire will probably be Arvid Pelshe, 77. Agriculture Minister Dmitri Polyansky, only 58, may be on the way out if a scapegoat is needed for farm failures.

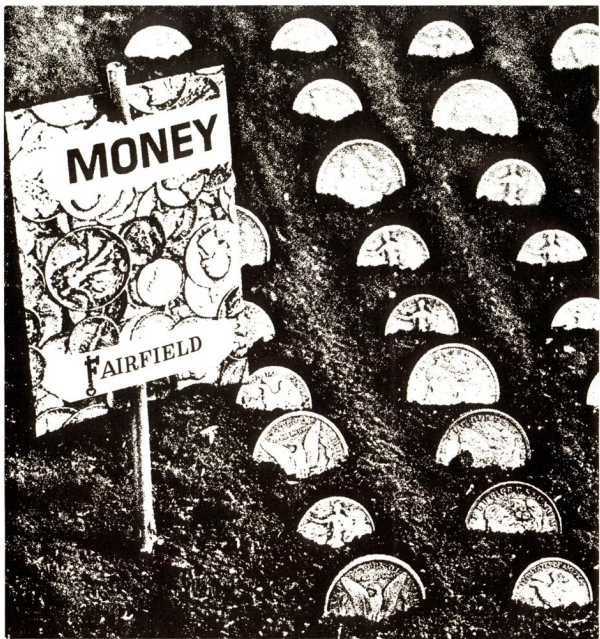
Since there exists no formalized mechanism for a transfer of power in the U.S.S.R., a crisis inevitably occurs when a leader dies or is ousted. Many Kremlinologists believe that Brezhnev would prefer an orderly transition and a new regime that will continue his policies. Nonetheless, they predict a possibly lengthy power struggle under cover of a caretaker "collective leadership." If Brezhnev were to retire in the near future, his titular successor would probably be Politburo Member Andrei Kirilenko, 69, an old Brezhnev crony, who has acted for Brezhnev during his recent illnesses. Kiril Mazurov, 61, at present Kosygin's stand-in, is expected to inherit the premiership. Potential second-stage successors to Brezhnev's job include such relative youngsters as Fyodor Kulakov, 58, who supervises agriculture for the party, and Konstantin Chatushev, 48, the Party Secretary in charge of keeping East European parties in line.

Speeches at the congress will unquestionably herald Moscow's continuing triumphant leadership of the Communist world. In fact, ideological and tactical differences have sent at least a dozen Asian and European parties out of the Soviet orbit, and the Kremlin today probably has less influence over the destiny of the international Communist movement than at any time in history. The Chinese party, now in the throes of its own policy and power struggle (TIME, Feb. 23) is still an implacable enemy; last month the Peking press denounced the Kremlin for "restoring capitalism and impoverishing the people." In Yugoslavia, President Josip Broz Tito has ordered mass arrests of people suspected of conspiring with Soviet agents to subvert his government. The Kremlin has lately been embarrassed by the political misjudgments of Portugal's aggressive Stalinist party. The huge 1,730,000-

PARTY CHIEF BREZHNEV
Monolithic unity.

ancient fortress loomed over the elegant imperial palaces, freshly painted in pastels. Outside the walls of the ancient fortress, huge posters dominated Red Square, proclaiming the principal theme of this year's political extravaganza: such as GLORY TO THE GREAT SOVIET PEOPLE, THE BUILDERS OF COMMUNISM. More than 5,000 party delegates from every corner of the world's largest country will attend the 11-day congress. Also present will be delegates from other

*In Soviet hagiography the First Party Congress is reckoned to be an abortive 1898 meeting in Minsk of the Russian Social Democratic Labor Party, which later split into Bolshevik and Menshevik factions.



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member Italian party has now been joined by the 275,000-member French party in rejecting the Marxist model for Communism in their countries and in proclaiming (convincingly or not) their adherence to Western democratic principles. So troubled are relations of the foreign parties with Moscow on these and other issues that Brezhnev failed to convene a meeting of the European parties late last year.

Most Soviet citizens will not take alarm at or even perceive the strains in the Kremlin leadership. Nor will they be much concerned about upheavals in the world Communist movement. But like Western Sovietologists, Russia's wage earners will be greatly interested in what party leaders have to say about the state of the economy. Reason: there can scarcely be anyone in the Soviet Union who has not been made aware by shortages of everything from sausages to auto tires that something has gone gravely awry.

The leadership is unlikely to be candid about the extent of the emergency. Says Glasgow University's Alec Nove, one of the West's ranking experts on Soviet economic affairs: "If they were prepared to come clean, they would say, 'Look, brothers and sisters, we're in a mess this year. We have a belt-tightening plan. Let's all pull together.' Instead they will talk mainly about achievements." Despite the brave talk, statistics released last December on the 1971-75 and the 1976-80 five-year plans indicate that there are genuine hardships ahead for many Soviet consumers.

The most notable troubles are in agriculture. Drought contributed to a disastrous harvest in 1975; because of an 83-million-ton grain shortage, the Soviets were obliged to buy 35 million tons from the U.S. and other foreign countries. The winter-wheat crop this year has already proved disappointing. Some Washington experts predict that shortages of bread and especially meat and dairy products will become so acute by next spring that strikes and even riots could break out. These disorders are most likely to occur in provincial towns, but not in Moscow and other big cities that hold high priorities for food distribution. The distress slaughter of cattle last autumn for lack of fodder will inevitably make meat scarce until at least 1980. The government apparently decided to sacrifice animal feed for the sake of bread, the staple of the Russian diet. But farmers, who are allowed to keep livestock on their small private plots, are buying bread and illegally feeding it to their cows, pigs and chickens. Thus it seems probable that most Soviet consumers will be busy combing the markets for food until the next harvest. By the law of averages, it ought to be better than last year's, which was the worst in a decade.

While there is hope that the food situation will improve, the present scarcity of quality consumer goods is built

into the new five-year plan. According to Soviet statistics published last month, Brezhnev's promise in 1971 that production of consumer goods would be raised by at least 44% during the five-year plan fell 11% short of its goal. In the next five years, the plan allows for a rise of only 30%. In general, it calls for a much slower rate of improvement in living standards than did its predecessor, as well as reduced rates of growth in virtually every sector of the economy. The Soviets do not plan to increase significantly the manufacture of trucks, tractors and passenger cars. Economist Nove thinks that this may be because the Soviets anticipate a fuel shortage, even though the U.S.S.R. leads the world in oil production (491 million tons in 1975) and since 1971 has invested more than \$13 billion in developing its north-west Siberian oilfields. Nonetheless the rate of increase in oil production will drop during the next five years because huge, older oilfields in the Urals-Bashkir region are being exhausted. Also, the Soviets are being forced to export more and more oil to the West to help balance debts caused by their massive foreign grain purchases.

As Western experts pondered the 1976 Soviet balance sheet, some long-term achievements seemed all but lost in the welter of present economic woes. The inflation that has plagued the U.S. and other industrialized nations has thus far been contained in the U.S.S.R. Under Brezhnev, there has been an average annual increase of 5% in per capita consumption—a very creditable advance even by Western standards, which have suffered somewhat because of the recent recession. The Kremlin's greatest accomplishment, however, has bypassed the Soviet consumer. According to the master plan pioneered by Stalin, the U.S.S.R.'s prime resources have been concentrated in the military-industrial sector. Physicist Andrei Sakharov, father of the Soviet hydrogen bomb and Russia's leading dissident, recently commented that the U.S.S.R. has created "a permanent militarization of the economy to an unprecedented degree in peacetime—something that is burdensome for the population and dangerous for the whole world." It has also been spectacularly effective. The buildup of Soviet forces and weaponry in recent years has been so great that defense analysts around the world are virtually unanimous in concluding that the U.S. is losing its quantitative edge.

Considering the successes of Soviet centralized planning in arms production, why has Moscow been unable to offer its people a standard of living commensurate with the country's great natural and human resources? The Soviet Union produces more steel, cement and fertilizers than the U.S.; it is second only to the U.S. in coal and South Africa in gold. Yet little of this wealth filters down to the Soviet consumer. Roughly 30%

of the Soviet population is engaged in farming, compared with 5% in the U.S., and millions more are recruited from the cities each year to help with the harvest. No less than 31% of all investment under the new five-year plan has been allocated to agriculture. Yet by the standards of other industrial nations, the U.S.S.R. has been incapable of properly feeding its people, even in good harvest times. Most Western economists believe that the basic problem lies in the Communist system of centralized planning. In the high-priority armaments sector, this can be made to work well, although with much waste and inefficiency.



MISSILES IN RED SQUARE
Militarized economy.

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Beyond the inefficiency of centralized planning, the deadening impact of a system that places everything from housing to travel to the press under rigid state supervision kills individual initiative and breeds apathy. The Soviet

THE WORLD

man in the street is indifferent not just to the country's leaders, who appear on television or in the newspapers as de-personalized titans, but also to his job. The most obvious symptom of this malaise is the extraordinarily low productivity of labor in the U.S.S.R. as compared with that in every other developed country. Many people are unwilling to put in a day's work for the state if they can help it. Says a Western businessman who is a longtime resident of Moscow: "The real problem with this place is that the average worker doesn't give a damn." A recent study, based on Soviet statistics, showed that each day about 1 million people out of an industrial work force of 84 million do not turn up for work in the U.S.S.R.

One cause is epidemic alcoholism. The Soviet humor magazine *Krokodil* recently ran a cartoon that pictured a puzzled bureaucrat asking a plant manager: "How did your factory succeed in fulfilling its plan?" The answer: "The liquor store was closed for repairs." The average Russian over 15 consumes 8.5 qt. of liquor a year, twice as much as the world's next biggest consumers, Americans and Frenchmen. The main tipple is vodka, at \$5.22 a pt. for the cheapest brand. Authorities regularly denounce alcoholism but do little to limit liquor sales. Reason: the state derives 12% of its revenues from the sale of liquor. Drunkenness is involved in 90% of all murders, at least half of Russia's traffic accidents and 40% of divorces. In some provincial hamlets, weekends are devoted to monumental collective binges, and there are growing complaints about drunken gangs of youths roaming some city streets at night and mugging passers-by.

Goofing off on the job is a way of life for an incalculable number of people, who are not impressed with being called the owners of the means of production. That is notably true of peasants, who still resent the imposed system of collectivized agriculture. The peasants concentrate their energies on their acre-size private plots, which constitute only 3% of the total farm acreage but produce 25% of the total ag-

ricultural output. Their productivity per acre is as much as eight times that of the government land. Farmers and industrial workers are notoriously careless of their machinery. Their indifference, combined with a chronic shortage of spare parts, has created what Kosygin has euphemistically called an "immobilization of equipment." Thus, despite the billions of rubles that have been poured into new agricultural machinery, the majority of Soviet peasants still work the land by hand.

The working man and particularly the working woman (85% of all working-age women have jobs) spend an inordinate amount of time tracking down scarce consumer goods. The ubiquitous mesh shopping bag is familiarly called an *avoska*, (perhaps) bag, meaning "Perhaps I'll find something to buy today, perhaps not." Although Moscow is by far the best-supplied city in the Soviet Union, TIME Correspondent Marsh Clark last week reported that "soap, toothpaste, perfumes, detergents, toilet paper, hairpins and matches were either of inferior quality or not available at all. The soaps don't clean, the mint-flavored toothpaste is harsh and repugnant, and the perfumes smell like overripe raspberries." The shortages are so commonplace that people will join any queue they see, then ask what it is for. Near Red Square recently, Clark spotted a crowd jostling about a man selling something at a table. As the eager buyers got nearer, they saw that the choice item on sale was an English-language textbook entitled *Animal Physiology*.

Items imported from East bloc countries, which are nearly always made better than their Soviet counterparts, can cause near riots when placed on sale in department stores. Even foreknowledge of their availability is worth money. Clark tells about a Muscovite who recently visited the flea market in the Ukrainian city of Odessa. Hearing a man calling, "I'll sell one sentence for a ruble," the intrigued Muscovite inquired what the sentence could be. "For a ruble, I'll give you some valuable information," replied the hawker, who got his ruble and then whispered, "Imported

panty hose will be sold at 10 a.m. tomorrow on the second floor of the Central Department Store."

Along with shortages, there are bizarre examples of superabundance. Because of poorly coordinated planning and lack of inventory control, goods may suddenly appear in inappropriate profusion. Tiny commissaries on collective farms that carry only the bare necessities of life may suddenly receive shipments of silk neckties or Italian vermouth. A decade ago there was a glut of condoms, which Russians casually used as bottle caps and garters. Because of a current rubber shortage, prophylactics can scarcely be found in Moscow today. Consumer demand for goods may be met too enthusiastically or too late. State-run factories are producing millions of women's platform shoes and stretch boots, which were in demand three years ago.

WOMAN SCAVENGING IN MOSCOW



CUSTOMERS THRONING ONE OF THE LEVELS OF



PEASANT DRAWING WATER FROM WELL ON RUSSIAN COLLECTIVE FARM



Now hardly any buyers can be found.

Letters and editorials in the Soviet press often complain about the inferior quality of Soviet-made merchandise. The worst are footwear and clothing. According to Moscow's *Literary Gazette*, the seal of quality, which indicates that an item conforms to international standards, was awarded to only 0.6% of all Soviet footwear and less than 1% of clothes in 1974. *Krokodil* recently published a satirical sketch about a couple seeking to buy furniture. The sofas were all big, clumsy and "of a shade combining the colors of a country backroad in autumn and of a World War I dreadnought destroyer." The author recommended against buying these dreadnought sofas because "one mustn't scare the children with furniture."

City dwellers constitute about 60% of the population, and housing construction scarcely keeps pace with continuing migration from the countryside. The shoddy quality of the new buildings is the butt of considerable ridicule. As one *Krokodil* cartoon says: "It's good luck to let your cat go into a new apartment

first." The drawing captures the startled expression of a family on the threshold of their new home as the weight of their cat walking into the living room causes the floor to give way.

Self-service stores are gradually appearing in major Soviet cities, and are considerably easing the problem of shopping. Yet even in Moscow, Leningrad and Kiev, thousands of Russians must still go to one store for meat (if any is available), another for bread, yet another for vegetables. In each shop, they are likely to find limited supplies, long queues and bored, surly sales help whose apparent goal is to impede the customer. A classic Soviet cartoon shows a frazzled would-be purchaser simultaneously blowing a noisemaker, shaking a baby rattle and waving his hat, all in a vain effort to attract the attention of saleswomen chattering behind the counter. A survey, by the magazine *Soviet Culture*, of 1,700 customers in the records section of a Moscow department store showed that "the majority complained they could not find the records they wanted. The problem is with salespeople who consider selling records a big nuisance." Besides that, the desired records may not be in stock, since the store comes under the jurisdiction of one state ministry and the record-making plants are run by another.

The frustrations of trying to cope

with an unresponsive system have led to widespread corruption, ranging from petty pilfering to gigantic rip-offs of state property. Stealing is so common that plainclothesmen from O.B.K.h.s.s. (Department for Combating Theft of Socialist Property and Speculation) are almost as ubiquitous as agents of the secret police.

In Odessa, a street vendor has been doing a brisk business in used light bulbs at 20 kopeks (26.5¢) each. When asked what purpose these might serve, he replied, "Take them to your office, screw them into the light sockets and take home the better ones." Moscow taxi drivers, instead of cruising for passengers, sometimes stash their vehicles in courtyards and let the motor run, while the back wheels, held up by a jack, spin away for hours. Keeping the wheels off the ground burns up gasoline very efficiently, while the odometer goes up. The drivers, who are state employees, are thus able to claim miles of fareless cruising and get reimbursement for gasoline on the basis of phony mileage.

The black market in goods and services has become so large that Sovietologists now call it a "parallel market," in a "second economy." According to Political Scientist Dimitri Simes of Georgetown University, "the ordinary Soviet citizen uses the parallel market on an almost daily basis."

The only ones who do not need it are high-ranking party officials and top armed forces and police officers. They have access to special stores that sell luxury foreign goods and high-quality foodstuffs to Russia's privileged elite at extremely low, state-subsidized prices.

Virtually every kind of stolen merchandise is available on the parallel market. The second economy also provides a veritable army of *shabashniki*, or moonlighters, who will replace floorboards, mend roofs, fix plumbing and do any num-

DRUNK IN A MOSCOW STREET



GUM, MOSCOW'S LARGEST DEPARTMENT STORE



ELECTRICIAN WORKING IN GENERATOR



CONSTRUCTION WORKERS ON MOSCOW PROJECT TAKING BREAK





THREE GENERATIONS OF RUSSIAN FAMILY EATING DINNER IN MOSCOW APARTMENT
Facing shortages of meat and dairy products for the next five years.

ber of services that would take months to obtain from state-managed building repair crews. Some of these repairmen are highly skilled engineers who quadruple their salaries, tax free, by after-hours work. Simes observes that everyone who owns an auto—and there are now 15 million passenger cars on Soviet roads—is a permanent user of the parallel market. While it could take weeks to have a car repaired and months to obtain spare parts, affluent drivers can quickly get what they need by bribing mechanics and service-station attendants. A bottle of vodka is the minimum and usually compulsory bribe.

Even private education is available on the parallel market. Coaching of backward students and conducting cram courses for admission to universities have become big business for moonlighting teachers; their wages normally range from 100 to 145 rubles a month—lower than the 153-ruble wage of the industrial worker. A poll conducted at Moscow University has shown that 85% of freshmen in the math department had used private tutors to prepare for admission.

Although every Soviet citizen is in principle entitled to free medical care, hospitals are jammed and nursing care is inadequate. As a result, patients who

CHILDREN EXERCISING IN CAMP



can afford it, or who are desperate enough, make private financial arrangements with doctors and bribe hospital administrators for admission and special services. In small towns, doctors are frequently inundated with gifts of eggs, chickens and other produce brought them by peasants from nearby collective farms.

The necessity of the parallel market is a corrupting influence in Soviet society; it weighs heavily on people who would normally be unwilling to engage in a squalid and illegal traffic. Says one young Russian Jewish scientist who recently emigrated to the U.S.: "It disturbs one's sense of human dignity and fair play. It is repugnant to take part in all these machinations, but you can't exist apart from the system." At the same time, theft and bribery often function as lubricants that make the cumbersome machinery of the official economy run more smoothly—which explains why the government reluctantly tolerates some aspects of the parallel market.

Despite the corruption, the frustrations and the shortages, the average Soviet citizen is, in most respects, better off than he was two decades ago. At the end of the Stalin era, collective farmers, when they were paid at all, earned 24 kopeks (about 6¢ at the time) for a day's work—enough to buy one pair of trousers in the course of a year. Now the average peasant makes about 98 rubles (\$129) a month. Salaries for workers and professionals have also risen, while prices of basic commodities, even though they are not always available when wanted, have remained relatively stable. Ivan Ivanovich may not have everything he wants, but at least he can now dream of trading in his old black-and-white TV for a color set, of riding to work in a four-passenger Zhiguli instead of on the bus, of having enough rubles to buy nice toys for his son's birthday.

Life in the Soviet Union also has some agreeable surprises for outsiders. "There is little violent crime compared with the U.S.," reports TIME Moscow Bureau Chief Marsh Clark. "It is safe to walk the streets at night in Moscow.

THE WORLD

Heavy steel locks are not needed on apartment doors. Kidnapings, which have become epidemic in Europe, are not known. There is almost no jaywalking. The cities are immaculate. People do not throw cigarette butts on the ground; receptacles are provided for such things and are expected to be used. When it snows, it seems as if every citizen comes out to clean off his little patch of sidewalk. Graffiti, that Western abomination, are unknown here. For one thing, anyone defacing a statue of Lenin or a public building would be running a very serious risk indeed.

"There is genuine, if belated, concern about the environment. Every city has large green areas and parks. Industrial polluters now receive stiff penalties if they persist. Moscow, which has banished over 300 factories in the past ten years, has remarkably clean air for a big city, and is now experimenting with a fleet of trucks powered by natural gas as a possible way of cutting down on automotive pollution. There is no pornography in public circulation in the Soviet Union. Foreign tourists carrying even such relatively innocent publications as *Playboy* may expect to have them confiscated by customs officers upon entry. The Soviet Union has gun laws that make the purchase of handguns very difficult. There are only occasional reports of armed robberies.

"One particularly endearing feature of Russian society is the way that children are loved and pampered. The best way to get a taxi in any big city—a considerable undertaking—is to stand on the street with a child. Cabs that ordinarily rush by even when they are empty will always stop for a child. In general, Russians remain an emotional, demonstrative and generous people who are a pleasure to live among."

Perhaps the most significant improvement in the quality of Soviet life is scarcely ever mentioned, least of all by top party officials. Exactly 20 years ago this month, at the 20th Party Congress, Nikita Khrushchev delivered his celebrated de-Stalinization speech that heralded the end of the vast "Gulag Archipelago" of concentration camps in which Stalin imprisoned at least 12 million people every year. Today, perhaps 10,000 people are still being held in Soviet prisons, camps or police-run psychiatric hospitals because their political or religious views are regarded as dangerous to the state. But notable dissidents are now more likely to be exiled than jailed. Some, like Sakharov, survive within the Soviet Union, openly challenging and embarrassing the Kremlin inquisitors.

Ivan Ivanovich may be indifferent to Sakharov's insistent calls for greater freedom in the Soviet Union. He does care, however, that his material well-being is improving, however erratically, and that he has far less to fear from the arbitrary midnight knock on the door. And that is no small blessing.

You might die if he doesn't operate. You might sue if he does.

In 1975, there were twice as many medical malpractice suits as there were in 1970.

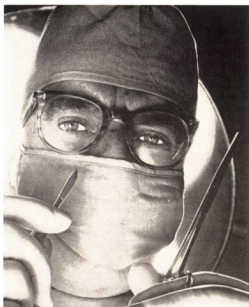
Why has this happened?

For one thing, the new operations and miracle drugs that save lives also bring new risks. And no matter how careful a doctor or hospital may be, more and more unsatisfied patients are seeking compensation for their misfortunes.

So they sue.

And sympathetic juries are making bigger awards. In the last 10 years, the average award has jumped over 6 times.

In order to deal with these bigger awards, insurance companies must charge doctors



and hospitals more for malpractice insurance.

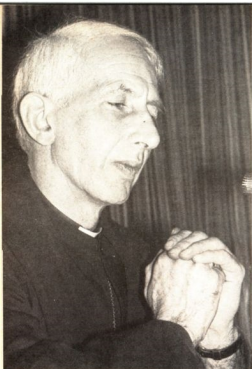
Insurance, after all, is simply a means of spreading risk. Insurance companies collect premiums from many people and compensate the few who have losses.

The price of insurance must reflect the rising cost of compensating those losses and the work that goes into doing that.

And that's why everyone's premiums have been going up.

*No one likes higher prices.
But we're telling it straight.*

**CRUM & FORSTER
INSURANCE COMPANIES
THE POLICY MAKERS.**



HUME AFTER LAST WEEK'S ANNOUNCEMENT

Jogger's Progress

When John Cardinal Heenan, leader of 4.1 million Roman Catholics in England and Wales, died last November, church watchers and the oddsmakers at Ladbroke's began guessing which of the realm's 18 bishops would replace him. Last week Pope Paul VI provided the answer: none of them. He bypassed the entire hierarchy and appointed instead tall, white-haired Dom George Basil Hume, 52, abbot of the Benedictine monastery at Ampleforth in Yorkshire. Hume is the first monk to become Archbishop of Westminster since England in 1850 permitted the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy.

Just Failed. *The Tablet*, the influential Catholic weekly, welcomed the appointment as "sagacious and imaginative," while the wider-circulation *Catholic Universe* thought the selection of a monk "puts an emphasis on spiritual values." But others stressed the negative. The bishops, who would be the normal candidates, are generally better known for fund raising than spiritual or intellectual attainments. Last fall the national priests' conference drafted a memo that indirectly criticized the quality of the bishops. In the words of a well-placed Vatican official, the English hierarchy "just failed to produce a leader with the qualities Pope Paul demanded."

These qualities apparently include a reputation for scholarship, in addition to administrative acumen—in Hume's case, earned in the limited sphere of Ampleforth. There he has headed since 1963 a community of 130 scholastics, as well as a distinguished boarding school. While Heenan and most of the other

bishops have been ethnic Irish, Hume is an upper-middle-class Englishman with useful Establishment connections. No bookworm, he is also a fitness buff devoted to jogging and squash.

After the appointment, Hume indicated that he had had no desire to leave Ampleforth. He learned of his appointment by telephone during dinner. Said he: "I must confess I did not enjoy the rest of the meal." But "a monk does not choose what he does; he does what he is told by his authorities."

Tempest over TM

Last Oct. 12, 25 high school students waited in the Union, N.J., office of the Transcendental Meditation movement. One by one they entered a room and reverently knelt before a candlelit altar holding a picture of the late Guru Dev, Hindu holy man and predecessor of TM Leader Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. Each student brought fruit and flowers to be placed on the altar by Teacher Janet Aaron, who then recited a Sanskrit *puja* (hymn of worship) and whispered each student's mantra, the secret word that must be repeated to aid meditation.

Those undergoing this standard TM initiation ceremony were enrolled in a course that TM employee Aaron taught for credit at Columbia High in Maplewood, N.J. Last week the Maplewood course and those in four other New Jersey public schools were under sharp attack. A nationwide Coalition for Reli-

*Excerpt: "Guru in the glory of the personified transcendental fullness of Brahman, to him, to Shri Guru Dev, adorned with glory, I bow down."

gious Integrity announced plans to file a federal lawsuit to stop the classes, offered by the schools under a \$40,000 grant in HEW funds made through the New Jersey Department of Education. The coalition argues that TM is a form of Hinduism and that the program therefore violates the First Amendment requirement of church-state separation.

The new anti-TM alliance represents various interests: Americans United for Separation of Church and State, a nonsectarian watchdog on First Amendment issues; the Berkeley (Calif.) Christian Coalition, a group that grew out of the Jesus Movement and does research to combat TM, Scientology and other new cults; and a number of Protestant and Catholic taxpayers in New Jersey.

The coalition buttressed its claims by releasing a heavily documented booklet by John E. Patton, a Roman Catholic attorney who lives in Maplewood. As Patton points it, TM was going nowhere till the Maharishi in 1967-68 decided to "camouflage" it as a secular "science" in order to qualify for taxpayer funds and reach a wider following. Since then TM has become the McDonald's of meditation, attracting hundreds of thousands of initiates.

Patton says that TM literature replaces God with the phrase "Creative Intelligence," which he claims is a synonym for Hinduism's pantheistic deity. Brooks Alexander, a former TM mediator turned evangelist with the Berkeley group, explains that TM novices are not indoctrinated outright in Hinduism, as they might be in Judaism or Chris-

HANAGAN—THE HERALD NEWS



STUDENTS MEDITATING IN NEW JERSEY CLASS UNDER CONSTITUTIONAL CHALLENGE
Is "Creative Intelligence" simply another name for God?

© 1975 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

Winston's box makes a difference.

The box fits in my jeans or jacket and doesn't get crushed. That makes a difference.

Winston's taste makes a real difference, too. No cigarette gives me more taste. For me, Winston is for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. 75.

The best car for under

ROAD & TRACK

The Rabbit is something special in a small economy sedan and its price is quite attractive in the context of today's inflation.

Its space for passengers and luggage is remarkable for such a small and light car; so is its ride and quietness. It comes as a two or four-door sedan; either one has a hatchback and a folding rear seat for extra utility.

And something you don't necessarily expect from a little economy sedan—it is delightful to drive with peppy performance and first class handling.

The Volkswagen Rabbit is the one. We're pleased but not very surprised.

Making the best cars in the world for the money is what we've always stood for.

And in the Rabbit, what you get for the money, is a totally new car from the wheels up. With virtues that you can't get in other cars at any price.

First you get stunning performance and incredible economy in the same car. In 8.2 seconds, you whip from 0 to 50 miles per hour (a '21,000 Maserati doesn't do much better). You also whip right past gas stations because the Volkswagen Rabbit gets a snappy 39 mpg on the highway, 25 in the city.

(We must tell you that the Rabbit, with stick-shift, got this much mileage in 1976 EPA tests. The mileage you get can vary, de-

pending on how and where you drive, optional equipment, and the condition of your car.)

Don't waste your time looking elsewhere for this much economy with this much performance; no other car has it.

If you've been consider-

ing a Cadillac Fleetwood, you should know that the Rabbit (with the rear seat folded) has more trunk space.

If you've looked into a Lincoln Continental Mark IV, you should know that the Rabbit has more glass area.

If you've sized up "bigger" cars, you should know that the Rabbit has

Who are we to argue with Road & Track?



A huge 87% of the Rabbit is sheer space.

*Suggested 1976 retail price \$3,499 East Coast P.O.E. (4-dr. model higher). Transportation,

in the world \$3500.*

Road & Track Magazine, June 1975

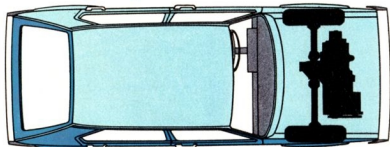
the head and leg room of some "mid-sized" cars.

A thermostatically controlled fan goes on only when the engine actually needs cooling. That means less power is used for cooling. No Detroit car offers that kind of efficiency.

If you're an automotive engineer, you'll appreciate the unique combination of dual diagonal brakes



Rabbit goes straight as an arrow; engine weight is over the drive wheels.



We've been told that "safety doesn't sell cars." We're not impressed. We've kept safety uppermost in our minds since the Rabbit was a gleam in our eyes. The fact that the hood slopes down so dramatically in front is no accident; you can see an egg on the road 10 feet ahead of the car.

Nothing on the Rabbit is an accident: the way it goes, the way

it handles, the way it stops, even the way it looks. Only a car designed from scratch could be so right for its time. The Rabbit was designed from scratch.

The Rabbit has been received with wide acclaim. It's the most successful foreign car introduction in history. There are already more than 100,000 Rabbits hopping around the United States.

The Volkswagen Rabbit

One of the 10 best cars in the world.

Newspapers and magazines have been enthusiastic.

"A true world car."

"The others have a long way to go."

"It is almost sinfully enjoyable to drive."

And, of course, "The best car in the world for under \$3500."



and negative steering roll radius.

If you aren't, you'll marvel at the precise way the Rabbit handles and stops. Standard on the Rabbit, not available on most other cars. If you buy the deluxe Rabbit, you get seat belts that literally put themselves on as you sit yourself down. Only we have it.

local taxes, and dealer delivery charges additional ©Volkswagen of America.



Engine's off. Fan's still on. Why?

Your choice of trustee may be right for today.



But what about tomorrow?

You've set up a trust to limit taxes and preserve capital for your family's future. And perhaps this trust also provides you with asset management today. But have you really considered the future in your choice of trustee?

Trusteeship is growing more complex every year.

A trustee must be a progressive investment advisor.

Investment opportunities are constantly changing. And techniques for analyzing them are becoming more sophisticated. If your trust assets include securities, farms, real estate or closely-held business interests, your trustee needs to be an investment expert. Not just a securities custodian.

A trustee must be a skillful accountant.

The legal and tax requirements for trusts are very complicated. And they come under frequent Congressional review and modification. Your trustee needs to be an expert in tax accounting and record-keeping. Not just a bookkeeper.

A trustee must be a permanent counselor.

Beyond knowing your family, your trustee needs experience and impartial judgment to resolve inevitable conflicts of

interest. He also needs to be available continually during the life of the trust. Not just temporarily.

A trustee must be financially responsible.

The laws regarding trust management are strict. And trustees can be held accountable for their mistakes. So your trustee should have a capital base sufficient to cover his potential liability to your estate. Not just good intentions.

At The First National Bank of Chicago, we provide complete and professional trustee services. Our personal trust advisors are supported by specialists in investments, custody and accounting. Plus the resources of a major bank with over 70 years of personal trust experience.

Doesn't your family deserve a lifelong professional trustee?

For more information on our trustee services, write or call Terence Lilly, Vice President.
(312) 732-8440.


**The
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TRUST DEPARTMENT/ONE FIRST NATIONAL PLAZA

tianity. Rather, they are gradually conditioned to accept a Hindu world view, after which many move into a deeper involvement through meditation. Meanwhile, two prominent Protestants in Iowa, where the movement's Maharishi International University is located, have argued in the liberal *Christian Century* that TM is too religious to be taught in public schools.

TMers insist that all this is much ado about nearly nothing. Robert Kory, who runs the New Jersey project for TM, explains that the mantras are just "meaningless" sounds, that the *pau* simply reminds the teacher of the highest ideals of his profession, and that the deities it invokes are only "the forces of nature." In Fairfield, Iowa, Seymour Migdal, dean of the faculty at the Maharishi University, is confident that TM will survive court scrutiny. Says he: "It doesn't require faith, and it doesn't require worship."

Where Are the Children?

For several years they have been a fixture of downtown Scranton and Wilkes-Barre in the old hard-coal country of northeastern Pennsylvania. They wear pins that say GET SMART, GET SAVED. Abstemious, straitlaced, pushy in their missionary piety, they work the streets, buttonholing teen-age passers-by with provocative zeal.

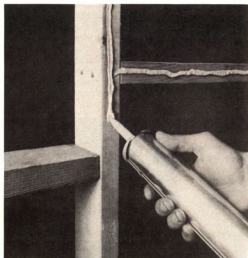
They are members of the Forever Family, a youth-oriented evangelistic group. They say they espouse a return to a primitive "New Testament" brand of Christianity. With apparent success, they forbid drinking, drugs and premarital sex. Thus far, they may have made more enemies than converts. Their hard-driving proselytizing has led to arrests for harassment and obstructing sidewalks. Lately, they have had vigilantism to contend with as well. On Feb. 12, four carloads of teen-age toughs invaded the sect's center in Wilkes-Barre and went on a rampage. They tossed furniture, spread garbage, and broke most of the windows in the place. Two days later, other raiders devastated a Family house in Scranton and roughed up Kevin Hoppes, 24, "guardian" (area coordinator) of the group's "lamb" (members). The Family had other troubles. Police hauled in member Steve Gattuso for getting a 14-year-old juvenile offender to stay in the Wilkes-Barre house for two nights without the knowledge of his parents, thus violating terms of the youth's parole.

But all this is minor compared with the accusations of at least eight area couples whose teen-age sons and daughters have disappeared. Like the parents embroiled in battles with Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church (TIME, Nov. 10), they claim that the sect has stolen their children from them. The Family

says it knows nothing about the missing youths. Leader of the parents is Scranton Salesman Donald Fetterolf, whose 17-year-old son Eric left home last Aug. 21 and is still missing. The latest to disappear is David Harris, 15, of nearby Tunkhannock, whose mother thinks that he joined the Family because he talked of being "born again" and "Roman Catholics don't talk like that."

No Figures. Beseated by bad publicity, the Family has changed its name to the Church of Bible Understanding. No one knows how badly the group has been hurt by the attacks. Hoppes refuses to offer figures on the size of his flock, which includes residents in two communal houses and a fluid non-resident constituency. The Family, incorporated in 1974, has centers in 15 cities in eight states and, according to tax records, is headed by one Steward Traillis. Strangely, Hoppes claims he knows nothing about the man.

Reaction of mainstream clergy to the Family is mixed. Leonard Heffner, a United Church of Christ pastor in Scranton, feels that parents these days should be grateful if their kids are involved in a group that concentrates on Bible reading rather than something worse. But Msgr. James Timlin, chancellor of the Scranton diocese, warns youths not to be "taken in" by the zealots' "easy and simple solutions to very complex problems."



THE SUBJECT IS A STICKY ONE.

Adhesives.

But there's nothing much we don't tackle, when it comes right down to it.

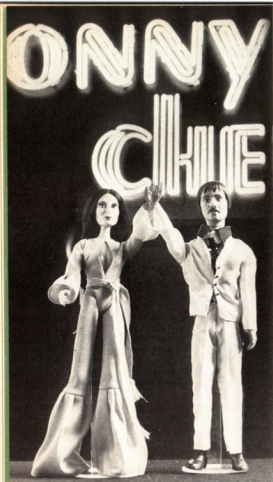
Adhesives are as much a part of our company as sealants around doors. So are paint cans, of course. But they're just a drop in the bucket when you consider that we make more than a million metal

containers a day, most of which we sell to other companies.

We're a factor in a lot of other things, too. Take the low-energy coatings that are taking the heat off manufacturers, for example. And we're also a leading retailer of decorating products.

If we keep sticking to the job, who knows how far we can go?

**SHERWIN
Williams**



NEW FRIENDS FOR BARBIE & KEN

Heard about the new **Sonny and Cher** dolls? Wind them up and they break apart. Well, not exactly, but starting in May, kids who are bored with their Barbies and Kens will have pint-sized versions of the TV couple to cuddle. That's when Mego International, makers of Batman, Robin and Star Trek dolls, will launch a \$1 million ad campaign to market 12½-in. versions of the Sonny doll will come with a twelve-piece wardrobe (including a sparkling silver lamé jumpsuit), while the little Cher will have 32 costumes modeled after the tall one's own **Bob Mackie** creations. The Cher doll "looks just like me," says the singer happily, noting that her look-alike will come complete with the notorious navel and knee-length hair.

First **Jacqueline Onassis** abandoned the leisure class by taking a job with Viking Press. Now the drive for full employment has been joined by her younger sister, **Lee Radziwill**, 42, who has just launched her own New York decorating business. Among her first clients: Americana Hotels, which has asked her to redesign some hotel suites in Palm Springs, Mexico and Florida. Says Lee, a former fashion assistant at *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*, explaining her innovative touch: "I like to create the unexpected."



LEE RADZIWILL DOING HER BIT TO REDUCE THE UNEMPLOYMENT LEVEL

If it's New York, I like to make a bedroom into a greenhouse. If it's London, I like to do something exotic so you don't notice the climate." Her credentials? "I've decorated all the homes I've lived in. And family and friends have always asked for my advice."

For all his skills as a serious dramatist, **Harold Pinter**, 45, seems to have patterned his private life after a daytime soap opera. Last summer the British author of *The Homecoming* separated from his wife of 19 years, Actress **Vivien Merchant**, 46, and took up housekeeping with **Lady Antonia Fraser**, 43, a whirlwind dervish of London society, a biographer (*Mary Queen of Scots*) and mother of six. Tory M.P. **Hugh Fraser** kept discreetly quiet about his wife's affair, but Merchant sued Pinter for divorce, and the new lovelorn quickly assumed a low public profile. Lately, however, those profiles have ventured back into the open. Earlier this month Fraser and Pinter appeared together at the London *Evening Standard's* annual drama-award lunch, and more recently they ran into photographers at Heathrow Airport. As for Actress Merchant, the spurned spouse continues to live in the London house she once shared with Pinter, having long since withdrawn her divorce petition. Says she: "I am quite happy with life and intend to stay on here and find as much work as possible." Now in Act III...

She was a teen-ager looking for a job when Comedian **George Burns** signed her up for his Las Vegas night-

club act back in 1960. But **Ann-Margret** developed fast. After opening some eyes with her singing and dancing, she left Las Vegas after an eleven-day run and set out to become an actress. Last week the pair met again at Burns' Beverly Hills home to toast their most recent successes: George's Academy Award nomination as Best Supporting Actor for his role in *The Sunshine Boys*, Ann-Margret's as Best Actress for her part in *Tommy*. "You owe me six weeks' pay at \$1,100 a week," insisted Burns, now 80, referring to AM's broken contract. Then accepting three quick smooches from his



ANN-MARGRET & BURNS IN LAS VEGAS IN 1960,

PEOPLE



ARTIST WARHOL AND MODEL WILLY BRANDT

ex-protégée, now 34, generous George reconsidered. "The kisses," he smiled, "cancel the debt."

In one of her final London performances in 1969, **Judy Garland** faltered so badly that some members of the audience pelted her with bread rolls. Last week, when Singer **Lorna Luft**, 23, Judy's daughter and Actress **Liza Minnelli's** half sister, came to play the London Palladium, it was the critics who did the bombarding. The London *Times* found her "a not particularly talented performer who tries hard enough but against impossible odds." What she lacks, said the *Guardian*, "is that bruised-by-life quality you find in most top female vocalists"—a failing that the British critics seemed anxious to remedy. Lorna's own view of her performance: "It went better than I ever dreamed."

He hasn't got the symmetry of Marilyn Monroe or even a Campbell's soup can, but no matter. **Willy Brandt**, 62, former Chancellor of West Germany and 1971 winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, put on a smile and a pin-stripe suit to pose for Pop Artist **Andy Warhol** in a Bonn art gallery. Brandt stood patiently for half an hour as Warhol clicked off more than two dozen Polaroid pictures, to be used later to manufacture the politician's portrait. Though Andy will collect a commission for the finished work, which will be auctioned off for the benefit of UNICEF, he insisted that money was not his motivation. Said the artist: "He is, after all, an outstanding man in history, and this was incentive enough."

Hemingway should have had it so good. Former Domestic Affairs Chief **John Ehrlichman**, who received a \$50,000 advance from Simon & Schuster for his first novel, has now peddled film rights to the book to Paramount Pictures. His price: an estimated \$75,000. Titled *The Company* and due in the stores by May, it is about a U.S. President who dabbles in domestic spying, then faces blackmail by the CIA. "If I stick to a routine and don't get too loose, I can write 15 to 25 pages a day," says Ehrlichman. Now appealing his 1975 conviction for Watergate-related crimes, he has already started work on a second book, which he describes as another "purely fictional novel about Washington, D.C." So far, no nibbles from Hollywood.

It was a performance fit for the Queen of Kitsch. With a yellow Rolls-Royce as her carriage and the Harvard marching band for footmen, Singer **Bette Midler** trouped into Cambridge,



BETTE MIDLER SHOWING HER CLASS AT HARVARD

Mass., last week to collect her Woman of the Year award from Hasty Pudding, the university's 181-year-old theatrical club. "I've showered, shaved and F.D.S.ed myself into a stupor," announced Midler, who happily accepted a gold brassiere from club officials and a third-row seat for the annual Hasty Pudding drag musical. Proclaiming the presentation "the most tasteful event with which my name has ever been associated," the Divine Miss M then offered some entertainment of her own: a song and dance number that ended with a skirt-lifting spin to reveal her derriere.

"It took a few phone calls," allowed Jazz Pianist **Dave Brubeck**, 55, describing his efforts to lure some old chums back for a series of concerts. The calls, of course, went to Alto Saxman **Paul Desmond**, Drummer **Joe Morello** and Bass Player **Gene Wright**, all of whom agreed to join the maestro on a 25-city silver-anniversary tour of the old Dave Brubeck Quartet. The four, who set white bucks a-tapping in the '50s and '60s with hits like *Take Five* and *Blue Rondo à la Turk*, have apparently lost none of their appeal since they disbanded more than eight years ago. "We work better than we used to," asserted Papa Dave. "We're older and wiser."



& CELEBRATING LAST WEEK

TALL

120s

Towers
over
ordinary
cigarettes



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Filter, 20 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Adamant Against Ads

RICHARD SANDERS, ATTORNEY, proclaimed the headline of a recent quarter-page advertisement in the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*. At the bottom of the copy was a clip-out coupon with check-off boxes ("Family Law," "Personal Injury," "Wills and Probate") so that a potential client could indicate which legal services he wanted to know more about. The advertising trade may have been thrilled by such an unprecedentedly bold pitch (it drew 450 replies), but Sanders' peers were less enthusiastic. One has already brought an ethics complaint to the Washington state bar asking for disciplinary action against the young (30) lawyer for his affront.

Advertising by attorneys has been a rigidly observed taboo ever since the American Bar Association announced its first national code of ethics in 1908. Originally, the ad ban was intended to help restore dignity to the legal profession, which had been badly tattered by attorneys who put up large billboards or even hawked their services on the open streets with all the restraint of a snake-oil salesman. The prohibition on promotion never came under broad assault until the past year, when it was attacked by consumer groups, Government trustbusters and even some lawyers. So at the A.B.A.'s midyear meeting in Philadelphia last week, advertising—which was not even on the agenda a year ago—was the premier topic. There was no way to avoid it. Last June the U.S. Supreme Court threw out uniform minimum fees set by bar groups and ruled that attorneys—as well as doctors or other members of so-called learned professions—were not automatically exempt from antitrust laws. The same day the court held that the right

THE LAW

of an abortion-referral agency to run informational advertisements is protected by the free-speech guarantee. In a talk to a lawyers' group, Deputy U.S. Attorney General Bruce Wilson spelled out a blunt warning: "An agreement to restrict advertising of legal service could be held to be a violation of the antitrust laws."

The Consumers Union, for one, agreed and swiftly sued the Virginia and California bar associations, claiming that restrictions against advertising are unlawful restraints of trade that keep the public in the dark about legal fees and lawyer qualifications. The consumer organization, which wants to publish a market guide to lawyers, also charged that the bar groups had violated its First Amendment right to print "important factual information." At the same time, individual attorneys in New York, Virginia, Wisconsin and Hawaii went to court on their own behalf, arguing, among other things, that without ads a small practitioner was unfairly and illegally prevented from competing with larger, well-established firms. Moreover, the Federal Trade Commission filed a complaint attacking the American Medical Association's rule against doctors' ads, a move that seemed to support opponents of the lawyers' ad ban.

Mostly Unbending. Confronted with all this activity, the A.B.A.'s eight-member ethics committee last December proposed allowing all ads, except those containing "deceptive or unfair statements." The howls began even before last week's meeting. Though noticeably more liberal on some issues in recent years, most of the A.B.A.'s 340-member house of delegates are all but unbending on professional style and propriety. The idea of advertising prompts nearly physical revulsion. Wringing his

LAWYER IN 1889 HAWKING HIS SERVICES IN OKLAHOMA FROM MAKESHIFT OFFICE TO CLIENTS



WESTERN HISTORY COLLECTIONS, UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA LIBRARY

Which relative will be executor of your estate?



Remember, you are executor of people's property in individual estates like you do. You get every penny from the government's estate tax to make your money for you. To make your money.

Mostly because you're not working. This decision is called "What happens to my property when I die?" And the government makes a money bag. Because millions of Americans can't be bothered. And then lawyers sue for it. You need a will. And you need good legal help. We're lawyers and we're lawyers. And we'll take you to court to make sure you get it. Then, if you still don't want to make one, we'll—OK. You're under no obligation. Except the one to your family.



Littelford and Weeking, Attorneys
Your partners in law.

SAMPLE AD BANNED BY THE A.B.A.
An almost physical revulsion.

hands nervously. A.B.A. President Lawrence E. Walsh, 64, a corporate attorney from New York City, told his colleagues he personally "recoils" from any ad. But he counseled that the organization was up against "a matter of constitutional law."

The delegates nonetheless adamantly refused to let lawyers give minimal information even to "bona fide consumer" groups. The old rules were broadened only to allow a listing of the lawyer's areas of specialization, his office hours, charges for the first consultation and the availability of a full fee estimate upon request. Such information can be offered to the public only in bar-approved directories or a *Yellow Pages* ad that complies with local bar regulations on language and format. That is likely to be only Round 1 of a continuing battle.

Besides settling the ad issue—at least to their own satisfaction—the A.B.A. delegates in an overwhelming voice vote

finally endorsed the 1948 U.N. Convention on Genocide, which the Senate has long refused to ratify. Though the document clearly outlaws only an intentional effort to destroy an entire ethnic or racial group, Southern Democrats and isolationists worried that such charges might be brought unfairly against Americans. Key opponents to the convention in Washington were the A.B.A. and North Carolina Senator Sam J. Ervin Jr. With Ervin retired and the A.B.A. having reversed course, supporters of the convention now hope the Senate will at last ratify the anti-genocide pact.

The 120% Solution

Women have been suing to get nearly everything from a table down at Mory's to a baseball umpire's uniform. Now they are successfully using the law against the profession itself. Five years ago, 13 women law students and recent graduates took on ten blue-chip "Wall Street" law firms. Partners in those firms are among the brightest attorneys in the country and fight on for decades even in seemingly hopeless cases. But the feminists have done remarkably well against the lawyers' home lairs. As of last week, four of the firms agreed to settle the suits by changing their hiring and recruitment practices.

Of the firms originally sued, two are still fighting the charges and four defeated the women plaintiffs. But the four feminist victories are so impressive, said a judge who handled one case, that they "may provide a useful pattern" for firms throughout the country.

Complex Formula. The approach he praised provides for a quota system in hiring. Rogers & Wells (senior partner: former Secretary of State William Rogers) has agreed, for instance, to observe a complex "120% formula" in making job offers over the next three years. The formula is based on the number of women in the graduating classes of the twelve law schools (among them: Yale, Harvard, the University of Virginia) at which the firm does almost all its interviewing. This year women make up 21.3% of those classes; as a result, at least 25.56% (120% times 21.3%) of all the job offers Rogers & Wells makes will be to women. A similar formula will apply to summer hiring. But the agreement also made it clear that people hired under the quota would be every bit as qualified as those outside it.

Judith Lichtman, executive director of the Women's Legal Defense Fund, cheers the Rogers & Wells decision as the "first big victory of the feminist bar against a law firm." She adds: "Even the big firms are realizing that it is very expensive to defend a lawsuit." Says Columbia Law School's Harriet Rabb, who worked on all the cases: "What we have done is go after the most progressive firms, but there are still firms all over the country that do not have minorities or women in them."

TALL 120s

All those extra puffs.
Costs no more than 100's.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Menthol, 18 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

ANXIOUS TO FILE LAND CLAIMS (FEE: \$25c TO \$2)





CIA DIRECTOR GEORGE BUSH WITH SCHORR LAST WEEK

Schorr Under Siege

At first it seemed unlikely that CBS Correspondent Daniel Schorr would face problems on Capitol Hill as a result of his role in the publication of the embargoed report on CIA and FBI operations by Representative Otis Pike's Select Committee on Intelligence. But last week, by a vote of 269 to 115, the House ordered its twelve-member ethics committee to investigate the "Pike papers" leak. Conceivably, the committee could recommend to the House almost anything, from no action against Schorr at all to removal of his accreditation to the House press gallery. A citation for contempt of Congress is an outside possibility.

CBS promised to back Schorr against efforts to force him to disclose his sources, but the network last week moved him from his intelligence beat to general assignment, ostensibly so that he could report on stories in which he is not personally involved. CBS executives in New York are reportedly deeply displeased by the Pike papers episode, partly because Schorr gave the papers to the *Village Voice*, a Manhattan weekly tabloid. One executive explained that Schorr's link with the "anti-Establishment" *Voice* had political overtones that might be unsettling to some CBS affiliates.

Troubling Question. Dan Schorr has never been known as thin-skinned, but he seems genuinely wounded by the ruckus over the leak. Some journalists are troubled by the question of whether Schorr acted properly in making available the Pike report to *Voice* Editor in Chief Clay Felker in exchange for a donation to the Washington-based Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press (which says it has yet to receive any funds). Some journalists side with New York *Daily News* Editor Michael O'Neill, who argues that Schorr's act was simply "a freelance deal." But others strongly disagree. Chicago *Tribune* Columnist Bob Weidrich complained that Schorr's decision to sell the Pike papers made him a "journalistic prostitute." And a New York *Times* editorial

bluntly accused Schorr of "selling secrets," no matter what his motives were.

In a letter to the *Times*, Schorr reminded the editors that they had lost no time in publishing the Pentagon papers as a paperback, presumably not at a loss. He argued that his moral problem was "how to avoid making a profit." He had to find a publisher but did not see why that publisher "should be the sole beneficiary."

Schorr's rebuttal, replies *Times* Editorial Page Editor John B. Oakes, is "irrelevant. What we make money from, which is publishing the news, seems to me totally a different context from what Schorr did, which was to traffic in the news." As for the Pentagon paperback, Oakes argues, all the *Times* did was to publish in more permanent form what had already appeared in the newspaper; what the *Times* opposes, says Oakes, is "selling to a third party, no matter how lofty a cause."

Name Games

While the *Voice* was building a name for itself with its Pike papers publicity, another one of Publisher Clay Felker's ventures was running into identity problems. Felker has been preparing to launch a biweekly magazine based in Los Angeles and modeled closely on his successful *New York*. Trouble is, someone else says he owns the title Felker wants to use: *New West*.

Felker's competition is Jerry Kobrin, 55, a one-time newsman who is vice president and public relations director of a firm that runs wildlife and amusement parks in California and Florida.

Both Kobrin and Felker claim rights to the *New West* name. New York Magazine Co. executives say they have been using it for advertising and promotion since last August. But Kobrin registered his New West Corp. with the California Department of Corporations in December—a move Felker's group neglected to make. Kobrin also rushed out a preview issue of his monthly *New West* in early February, thus edging out Felker, whose own test edition went on sale last week. Both plan regular publication in May.

Kobrin calls his *New West* a "feature newsmagazine," but few newsy features were evident in the 14-page preview issue; the cover story, a freelance profile of John Wayne, was originally written and published three years ago. An investment group claims to be prepared to invest \$500,000 in the project—but Kobrin has yet to begin a subscription drive.

Heavy Borrowing. Felker, on the other hand, recently mailed 430,000 promotional pieces for his slick, full-color *New York* spin-off—partly through a sample cover celebrating "The California Woman"—and claims an impressive return of 30,000 or so charter subscribers. His 20-page *New West* test issue, which is trial-priced at both 50¢ and 75¢ (v. \$1 for Kobrin's magazine), is sprightly, but heavy on pieces borrowed from *New York*. To launch *New West*, Felker plans to spend \$2 million, and aims for initial circulation of 125,000.

Some publishing insiders wonder whether Kobrin and his group started their *New West* mainly to see if Felker was eager enough about his expansion plans to buy them out. And there is a certain ambiguity about Kobrin's challenge to his New York rivals: "We'll give these carpetbaggers a run for their money."

KOBKRIN'S MONTHLY

In Southern California, the carpetbaggers get a run for their money.

FELKER'S BI-WEEKLY

THE NATURAL TASTE OF MEAD, REDISCOVERED.

IN THE FIFTH CENTURY, MEAD CAME TO THE BRITISH ISLES AS THE DRINK OF THE ANGLO, SAXON AND JUTE INVADERS:

A potent, zesty and natural spirit touched with pleasant overtones of honey, herbs and spices.

Yet, even before its arrival in Britain, man had an unquenchable thirst for the natural taste of mead.

It had marched with Rome's legions.

Ridden with Hannibal across the Alps.

Was the Viking's "Drink of the Gods."

And the legendary cup of Beowulf.

Then, unaccountably, the legendary taste became "a legend lost."

Lost for centuries.

Until, many years ago, a legendary Gaelic Chieftain's seven hundred year old recipe for the essence of mead passed into our hands.

The result is Irish Mist.

Truly, it is "the natural taste of mead, rediscovered."



IMPORTED IRISH MIST LIQUEUR, 40 PROOF, 80% ALC/VOL (160), HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN., U.S.A.

You'll find it completely unlike any other imported liqueur.

Try it after dinner.

Or on-the-rocks.

It is neither sweet and sticky.

Nor is it strong

and fiery.

But the perfect balance of potency, good taste and bouquet you'd expect from man's first natural spirit.

Imported Irish Mist.

Rediscover it.

IRISH MIST: THE LEGENDARY SPIRIT OF MAN



Christian Dior

"Christian Dior makes a fashion statement in rainwear: The Vendôme. The silken-lustered elegance of Qiana* nylon. The French concern for detail. Available in Tan and Navy. A coat with a difference. The Dior difference."—Louis Jourdan

*DuPont registered trademark

tailored by Gleneagles

Gleneagles Court, Baltimore, Maryland 21204 © 1976 Hart Services, Inc.

See Christian Dior raincoats in Chicago at BASKIN and CAPPER & CAPPER



FASCINATED CROWD IN TOKYO WATCHING TELEVISED HEARINGS OF JAPANESE DIET COMMITTEE INTO CHARGES OF PAYOFFS BY LOCKHEED

SARUKI SHIMBUN

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

SCANDALS

Now, the Bribery Probes Begin Abroad

The repercussions of foreign bribery by U.S. corporations continued to rattle much of the world last week. In the wake of American probes that have uncovered massive payoffs to foreign businessmen and government officials, especially by Lockheed (TIME cover, Feb. 23), one foreign country after another began cranking up its own investigation. The major developments:

► In Japan, a nationwide TV audience watched spellbound as the budget committee of the Diet questioned seven businessmen who had been involved in buying Lockheed planes. All seven denied any knowledge of Lockheed fees and bribes, which, in testimony to a U.S. Senate subcommittee headed by Idaho Democrat Frank Church, were said to total \$12.7 million.

Hara-Kiri. Premier Takeo Miki instructed the Japanese embassy in Washington to request the names of any government officials believed to have taken Lockheed bribes. Senator Church said he would be happy to turn over the names if his subcommittee can pry them out of Lockheed, but that he would pass them on "through channels," presumably meaning the State Department. That could pose a dilemma for Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, who has opposed making the names public for fear of damaging friendly governments.

Miki realizes that if he cannot convince Japanese voters that he is cracking down on corruption, his Liberal Democrats, who have ruled Japan since 1955, could have their parliamentary majority sharply reduced in elections later this year. The depth of public feeling is indicated by a letter from a right-wing organization to Yoshio Kodama, Lockheed's secret agent in Japan. The letter demanded that Kodama atone for taking \$7 million from Lockheed

by "committing ritual *hara-kiri*."

► In The Netherlands, Prince Bernhard had his first meeting with a quickly organized three-man committee appointed by the Dutch Cabinet to investigate charges that he accepted \$1.1 million from Lockheed. Though the prince steadfastly denied receiving cash from Lockheed, he conceded that Lockheed had offered him a free JetStar plane for his good services; he said he turned it down.

The investigative commission, headed by Andreas Donner, the Dutch chief justice of the European Court, ran into a roadblock in attempts to probe the prince's financial transactions. Swiss authorities, who fiercely resist disclosure of bank records, warned that Donner would face arrest for "economic espionage" if he dared set foot on Swiss soil in his investigative capacity. Later, under Dutch pressure, the Swiss Cabinet scheduled a special meeting to decide what assistance, if any, to give the Donner commission.

► In Egypt, a member of a parliamentary committee charged that Boeing Co. had paid commissions to executives of the national airline Egyptair, which bought a total of ten 707s and eight 737s. Boeing said its business with the Egyptian airline had been transacted "properly." Nonetheless, there were reports that Gamal Erfan, chairman of Egyptair, was considering resigning.

► In Venezuela, Alberto Flores, No. 2 man in the country's delegation to the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, resigned his post in order "to be free to defend himself." He is suspected of being among seven officials who allegedly accepted a bribe from Occidental Petroleum Co. in return for drilling concessions.

The climate of suspicion is making

it more difficult for U.S. firms to do business abroad. Lockheed's new chairman, Robert W. Haack, hastily flew to Ottawa last week to reassure Canadian officials that no bribes have been involved in Lockheed's efforts to win a \$950 million contract for 18 Orion antisubmarine planes. Nonetheless, the Canadian government indicated it would take its time signing the deal, largely because of doubts about the company's ability to survive the spreading scandal. The U.S. Senate passed, 60 to 30, a bill greatly tightening Government controls on overseas sales of American weapons. Among other things, the bill would force companies to report all agents' fees on arms sales, however small.

Personal Delivery? Critics of scandal-tainted corporations have been demanding management changes, and two companies responded last week—in diametrically opposed ways. In an astonishing display of corporate arrogance, Northrop Co. reinstated Thomas V. Jones as chairman. Jones had been both chairman and president when Northrop paid \$30 million to agents and officials abroad and made illegal political contributions in the U.S.; he resigned as chairman last year after Northrop's executive committee said he bore a heavy responsibility for those acts.

In refreshing contrast, Phillips Petroleum agreed, in a court-approved settlement of stockholder lawsuits, to give outside directors 60% of the seats on an expanded board (they fill nine of 17 seats now) and empower them with responsibility for preventing a recurrence of past misdeeds. One charge contained in the settlement documents: Richard Nixon in 1968 "personally" received an illegal \$50,000 campaign contribution from Phillips in his Fifth Avenue apartment in Manhattan.

Box Makers Indicted

Corn flakes and chocolate candy, liquor bottles and laundry detergent: all these products and many more are sold in folding paperboard cartons. Now the Government is saying that for about 14 years the prices of these containers—and by extension the total prices of products that come in them—were kept higher than they should have been. Last week a federal grand jury in Chicago indicted 23 corporations and 50 present and former executives of 19 of those companies for conspiring to fix prices in the folding-carton industry.

Such containers amount to a \$1.4 billion annual business in the U.S., and the accused firms account for about 70% of the industry's total volume. Included in the indictment are the nation's three largest folding-box producers: Container Corp. of America, Federal Paper Board Co. and American Can Co. Also mentioned in the indictment are unnamed, unindicted co-conspirators—undoubtedly companies that cooperated with the Justice Department's investigation. That suggests a Government belief that price fixing extended not just to 70% of box sales, but also to almost the industry's total volume. In terms of annual sales, the carton case is the Justice Department's largest price-fixing indictment since 1964, when eight defendants were accused of collusion in the sheet-steel industry.

According to the indictment, the defendants agreed among themselves not to offer lower bids to each other's established customers and to set uniform prices to customers served by more than one manufacturer; they also promulgated list prices, to which everyone adhered, for certain types of cartons. The Government claims that such behavior began in 1960, and ended some time before December 1974. That month the antitrust law was changed to make price fixing a felony punishable by fines on corporations of up to \$1 million.

Jail Ahead? As it is, the accused corporations and individuals face maximum fines of \$50,000 each; if convicted, the executives could go to jail for up to a year. The Justice Department also filed a civil suit against the 22 corporate defendants that still are operating independently (one has been merged). The suit seeks a court-ordered ban on price fixing of boxes and any other products that the companies make.

At week's end few of the defendants were prepared to comment publicly. A spokesman for Champion International Corp. said the company was "surprised" to be named, and the general counsel of Container Corp. issued a statement insisting that his firm had complied with the latest nuances of antitrust law. Privately, some industry officials grumbled that the indictment was politically motivated, to project an image of consumer protection in a presidential election year.



IRAN

Shah on a Shoestring

Not too many months ago, Iran's national production was growing at a dizzying rate of 42% a year. Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi seemed to leaf through *Aviation Week* as if it were his special Sears catalogue. In the councils of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, Iran took the lead in insisting that the world price of oil should be pushed ever higher.

But then worldwide inflation and recession cut the demand for oil. For the Iranian year that ends March 20, the country's oil revenues will be about \$3 billion less than expected. As a result, Iran's \$45 billion budget for the coming year projects a deficit of \$2.4 billion. Prime Minister Amir Abbas Hoveida characterizes that sum as a *nachees* (Persian peanut), but it will nonetheless be Iran's first deficit in a decade. Last week the government officially announced that it was trimming its price for heavy crude by 9½¢ per bbl., to \$11.40, a gesture aimed at increasing Iran's slipping share of the market.

For all the difficulties, Iran still expects economic growth of 17% in the new year (the Iranian year 1355). The government is pressing ahead on industrial-development programs, including the construction of two nuclear-power plants, four steel mills and a mammoth \$2 billion petrochemical installation.

Iranians face some unaccustomed stringencies, however. The salaries of

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

civil servants have been frozen. Imports are likely to fall by 40% in the new year. Residents of Tehran have been told that they themselves, by buying government bonds, will have to put up most of the \$1.2 billion needed to build a subway system in the capital.

The Shah's armament-buying spree is becoming more and more of a window-shopping expedition. Iran recently cut its order for American *Spruance*-class destroyers from six ships to four. The Shah is also said to be reconsidering his informal decisions to buy the U.S. AWACS system (a Boeing 707 packed with strategic electronic gear), a new Air Force cargo plane called the YC-15 and 300 F-16 lightweight Air Force fighter planes.

Bizarre Suicide. The government is trying to press Westerners to buy more Iranian oil. Last year, claiming that its profits were being squeezed, the eight-country consortium that buys most of Iran's crude reduced its purchases by 750,000 bbl. a day and turned to cheaper Iraqi, Saudi, and Kuwaiti oil. Premier Hoveida charged the companies with a breach of the 20-year contract with Iran that they signed in 1973. The Shah suggested to the British government (which owns 70% of British Petroleum, the company that leads the consortium) that Iran might not be able to buy all of the British industrial equipment for which it has signed contracts.

So far, such persuasion has failed to increase the consortium's take, but perhaps the new price reduction will pick up as the industrial world's recovery from recession proceeds.

In the meantime, Iran is trying other means to get its budget back into the black. The Shah has launched a national anti-corruption drive aimed at exposing graft schemes that have siphoned revenue out of the national treasury. Two former undersecretaries in the trade ministry stand accused of bilking the government of \$45 million in a sugar deal with Britain. They will have to return the money plus a 100% penalty.

The biggest scandal, possibly accounting for more than \$1 billion in waste, involves top navy officers responsible for military-speccing programs. Rear Admiral Ramzi Abbas Attai, once commander of the Iranian navy, has been broken to captain. Other high-ranking officers have been jailed, and one navy budget officer committed suicide in prison—reportedly by swallowing a bedsheet.

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OFFICIAL RULES

Contest began February 2, 1976.

All Junior High Schools and Senior High Schools in a 100 mile radius of Chicago are eligible to win KISS in a free rock concert in your school . . . Void where prohibited.

Students are to collect and save wrappers from any M&M/MARS candies or facsimiles (the names of any M&M/MARS candies hand-printed on 3"x5" pieces of paper.)

Written names must appear as follows: MILKY WAY Bar—3 MUSKETEERS Bar—SNICKERS Chocolate Peanut Bar—MUNCH Peanut Bar—"M&M's" Plain Chocolate Candies—"M&M's" Peanut Chocolate Candies—MARS Almond Bar—SNIK SNAK Sticks—MARATHON Bar—FOREVER YOURS Bar. No mechanical reproductions permitted.

The school that collects the most entries per student will win a rock concert and \$1000 in scholarship money.

1st Runnerup wins \$500 in scholarship money and a \$500 record library.

2nd Runnerup wins \$250 in scholarship money and a \$250 record library.

All schools must notify WCFL in writing before March 15, 1976, that it intends to participate and that its entry has the approval of the appropriate school official.

The contest ends Saturday, April 17, 1976. Each entry must (a) contain the count of the wrappers or facsimiles; (b) be packaged in small cartons or boxes in such a way that the boxes or cartons will not break open. No plastic bag containers will be acceptable; (c) contain in legible print on each box or carton the name of the school and the number of wrappers or facsimiles in the particular box or carton.

The location of the Collection Centers will be announced on the air and an official list will be made available and mailed to each school that enters the contest on or before April 1, 1976.

The Winning Schools will be notified on or about April 26, 1976. The concert will be held Tuesday, May 4, 1976 in the gym or the auditorium of the winning school for the student body and faculty.



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He liked "strong drink."

But not its taste.

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So, he did as only he would do.

He turned his considerable resources to creating drinks to please all the senses.

He succeeded with a blend of natural flavors and grain neutral spirits.

Each is spirited.

Each pleasant tasting.

Each pleasing to the eye.

And each smooth and light to the palate.

Once done, and with the final iconoclastic twist of wit,

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We heard of Malcolm's private "herd."

And found them to be a delicious and spirited new breed of drink.

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Try them on-the-rocks or chilled. You'll discover one thing for sure:

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The Spirited New Breed of Drink.

ENERGY

King Coal's Return: Wealth and Worry

The U.S. has had one great piece of luck on energy. Hundreds of millions of years ago, the land was swampy and covered with plants. As they died, they fell under water, where there was not enough oxygen for them to decay completely. With geological change over the eons, these plants were tightly compacted, then compressed. The result became an almost mythical abundance of coal.

It provided the cheap energy that powered America's growth. The coal flowed in a steady black stream from the deep mines of Appalachia to fire the boilers of industry, drive the pistons of trains and heat homes. But it was a difficult fuel: bulky, grimy and dirty. Whole cities lay under a pall of acrid smoke. So oil, when it became plentiful, easily replaced King Coal.

Now U.S. oil production is declining, proven gas reserves are dwindling, and nuclear power faces an uncertain future. Only coal seems secure, because the nation's prodigious reserves—one-third of the world's known deposits—have hardly been tapped. Even at today's prices and with today's mining methods, 437 billion tons of the fuel can be easily recovered in states from Texas to Alaska, from Pennsylvania to California (see map following page). That is equal to a 340-year supply of energy. Says Irving Wender, a coal expert with the Federal Government: "Coal is our ace in the hole."

That ace will surely be played in coming years. The Arab embargo of 1973, and the subsequent quintupling of petroleum prices, drove home to the nation that it could no longer take for granted adequate supplies of reasonably priced energy. Top federal planners look on coal as a key way for the U.S. to escape the market manipulations of foreign oil producers. Besides being burnable in its familiar solid form, coal can be converted—though presently only with great difficulty and at high cost—into gasoline for cars, so-called synthetic natural gas for cooking and feedstocks for the chemical industry.

Bright Hope. Best of all, coal is still such a bargain that ships sail from as far away as Japan, France and Germany to buy the fuel, helping the U.S. balance of payments by \$3.2 billion last year alone. The price of coal burned under boilers has more than doubled in the past three years, to \$17.30 a ton; rarer metallurgical coal used in steelmaking brings up to \$51. Even so, 81¢ worth of coal produces as much thermal energy as \$2 worth of oil. Cleaning the coal to make it more acceptable would raise the price somewhat, concedes Carl Bagge, president of the National Coal Association. But, he says, "we've never had more hope as an industry."

After slumping through the 1950s

and remaining mostly stagnant during the 1960s, coal production rose from 592 million tons in 1973 to 603 million tons in 1974. Last year it hit an alltime high of 640 million tons—surpassing the previous peak of 631 million tons in 1947.

The rise has brought a return of almost forgotten prosperity to some of the nation's remote poor towns. For example, in Beckley, W. Va. (pop. 14,000), brand-new Cadillacs line the streets, two new shopping centers have risen outside town and a resort community has opened in the rolling country beyond. And that may be just the start of the boom, which could extend to many other communities. President Ford has called for a doubling of coal output by 1985.

Old Veins. Can that ambitious goal be met? For all coal's advantages, the answer is far from certain. The industry can assemble the men, money and machines to do the job. It nonetheless faces severe problems of geography, technology, labor relations and, above all, ecology—how to burn more coal without unacceptably fouling the nation's air.

Though more than half of the nation's coal lies west of the Mississippi, the industry still concentrates heavily on working the old veins of Appalachia and the Midwest. They are still rich enough to support what has become an industry of corporate giants. Some 1,200 companies work small mines, but they account for only 40% of output. The other 60% comes from 15 companies, led by Peabody Coal of St. Louis and Consolidation Coal of Pittsburgh. Only three of the 15—Pittston (No. 5), North American (No. 10) and Westmoreland (No. 13)—are independent; the rest are

SMOKE FROM WYOMING POWER PLANT
MINERS IN MOUNDSVILLE, W. VA.

TERENCE MOORE



MICHAEL LEWIS

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

subsidiaries of bigger companies. Six are controlled by oil companies; two are "captive" producers of metallurgical coal for U.S. Steel and Bethlehem.

The companies extract half of the coal by surface mining, using gigantic 20-story shovels that can crunch 120 cu. yds. of earth in one bite, exposing the coal veins for an army of other machines to attack. Mechanization has come to underground mines, too. In the big ones, miners no longer loosen the coal with explosives and pry it from the seam with pickaxes; they work continuous mining machines that cost \$200,000 apiece and look like a cross between a chain saw and a lobster. The machines nose up to the coal vein and rip out ten tons of coal a minute; then their clawlike arms sweep the coal onto conveyor belts. The most efficient underground mines have "longwall" machines that continuously shear the coal vein, much as a delicatessen slicer cuts salami.

at least temporarily; not only is Miller exercising firmer control, but the industry has also been suing U.M.W. locals for illegal strikes.

Boosting deep-mine productivity is only one problem. To open a new mine requires heavy capital expenses—on average, \$35 in investment for each ton of annual capacity—that can be recouped only over many years. Says John Paul, a vice president of AMAX: "Coal mines are not water spigots. You don't just open a tap and turn them on." To justify the expense, coal men need a guaranteed market—and for that potential buyers have to have some assurance that the fuel can be burned in compliance with clean-air laws.

Giant Stacks. The trouble has been intensified by conflicting Government views of the national interest. President Ford puts primary emphasis on developing plentiful, inexpensive domestic energy to power the U.S. economy. Con-

Last year President Ford asked Congress to amend the act so that higher-sulfur coal could be legally burned. The Senate responded by writing a new bill that would actually tighten the standards further. Meanwhile, the coal and utility industries have embarked on several new ways to satisfy the law.

American Electric Power, a big utility holding company that also owns coal mines, has built tremendous smokestacks that tower 1,000 ft. over some of its power plants. When noxious sulfur dioxides are discharged at that altitude, the gases become so mixed with clean air that after they finally descend to the level at which people breathe, the sulfur is too diluted to be harmful. Sulfur can also be removed from coal smoke by special chemical catalysts called "scrubbers" before the smoke goes up the stack. Trouble is, the scrubbers are expensive—the Tennessee Valley Authority is spending \$50 million installing them on one power plant—and the industry insists that they are unreliable. One possible reason for the utilities' attitude toward scrubbers: the power companies now can automatically pass along hikes in fuel costs to customers—but getting electric rates raised to reflect the cost of antipollution equipment takes much longer.

A more promising technique captures the sulfur as the coal is burning in a special furnace. Developed by Michael Pope, a New York consulting engineer, this "fluidized bed combustion" system will soon be tested by the federal Energy Research and Development Administration at a power plant in Rivesville, W. Va. Early experiments show that the new furnace not only causes coal to burn more efficiently, but also actually converts the sulfur into a useful soil enrichener.

Promised Land. Meanwhile, the mining companies' search for clean coal is leading to a vast new promised land—the West. The industry has long known about the immense coal reserves between Arizona and Montana. But few operators chose to mine the deposits, mainly because the coal was too far from the biggest markets. Yet after 1970, the Western coal began to exert a powerful new appeal for the simple reason that it has a low sulfur content.

The more the coal industry investigated the Western reserves, the more it liked what it found. Some of the coal lies in gigantic, 100-ft.-thick seams close to the surface. All a coal company must do is strip off the topsoil and gouge up the mineral. Mining cost per ton: a mere \$3. Even after transportation costs to the East are figured in, the coal can compete in price with that of Appalachia.

As a result, the industry has drawn up exceedingly ambitious plans for developing the West. The Northern Great Plains alone is expected to produce 977 million tons annually by the end of this century. At that time, the region should have 64 mines exporting coal, 25 new



Yet productivity in the deep mines has dropped from a high of 15.6 tons daily per man in 1969 to 10.7 tons today. One reason: the Government's tough safety rules, which have cut mining efficiency. The industry has also been plagued in the past two years by hundreds of wildcat strikes. Coal executives say the stoppages prove that United Mine Workers President Arnold Miller is not as good a leader as he is a negotiator. In 1974 he won his union (current membership: 135,000) a healthy contract—the average wage is \$50 a day before overtime—but he still cannot keep his men in line. Miller loyalists argue that the industry is to blame. "When the companies push hard for production," says one union man, "they wind up killing people." He means that the men have to strike to protect themselves against unsafe conditions. Whoever is right, the walkouts have largely stopped,

gross mainly stresses protection of the environment. Coal offers no easy compromise: it is extremely difficult to make both cheap and clean.

In 1970, when Congress passed amendments to the Clean Air Act, one of the provisions forbade the burning of fuels with a high sulfur content in the most populous parts of the country. Since at the time nearly 80% of U.S. coal production did not meet the standards, many electric utilities—coal's biggest steady customer—switched to oil. Industry efforts to get Congress to soften the law failed. Finally, in 1974, the Federal Energy Administration, seeking to save oil, ordered 25 utilities to switch back to coal in 74 plants. So far only one power plant has actually made that switch. Conversion of the rest has been blocked by the Environmental Protection Agency, which enforces the Clean Air Act.

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Some cars are built primarily for luxury, and others are particularly high in performance. But a car should be both. And the only car in which you'll find the unique combination below is the Audi 100LS.



Five adults relax in the comfort of orthopedically-designed seats and unusual headroom and legroom.

30
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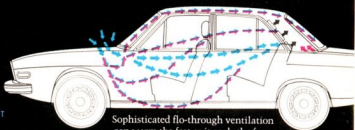
20
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ACTUAL MILEAGE MAY VARY DEPENDING ON
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Its EPA-estimated gas mileage is outstanding.



Front-wheel drive, rack-and-pinion steering, independent front suspension and torsion crank rear axle produce an uncannily smooth ride and easy handling.



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It combines the elegance of classic design with the excellence of German engineering.



The answer is Audi

Your menthol
letting you down?

Come up to the consistently
smooth taste of extra coolness.
The taste that only KOOL has.

Come up to KOOL.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

coal-fired electric power plants and 41 plants to convert coal into natural gas. In the Four Corners area where Arizona, New Mexico, Utah and Colorado meet, another 14 generating stations are planned to burn coal from nearby mines. Four are already built, sending electricity by wire to consumers as distant as Los Angeles and El Paso—a cheaper and less polluting process than shipping the coal to be burned at power plants in metropolitan areas.

Right now, however, only 109 million tons of coal a year are being produced in the West—little more than a sixth of national output. One reason is that opening a surface mine takes between two and four years. Beyond that normal delay, four harder-to-solve difficulties—three of which again involve a clash between ecology and economy—have held back Western coal development. The four are:

STRIP-MINING. The coal industry in the past has been roundly condemned for strip-mining coal and then simply abandoning the ravaged land. Nowadays, the record is far better; by spending between \$600 and \$6,500 an acre, mining companies have restored some land in the Midwest and Pennsylvania so well that no one would suspect that the acreage had been stripped. In contrast with those areas, which are well watered, much of the West's coal lands get less than 10 inches of rainfall a year. Experts from the National Academy of Sciences doubt that fragile desert vegetation will regrow on such dry earth after it has been disturbed by mining, no matter how much money is spent.

Congress's answer has been to design a strip-mining law that sets stiff standards for reclamation of mined-out areas: if the land cannot be restored, it cannot be mined, period. President Ford has twice vetoed the bill, arguing that it would cut coal production, throw 36,000 people out of work and also raise the price of coal. In his eyes, each state should enact surface-mining laws to suit its own needs. Congress is unpersuaded, though, and will try to push the same measure through this year.

LAND RIGHTS. Many Western landowners—Cheyenne Indians, Montana ranchers, Dakota farmers—have been fighting the coal companies. The question for them is whether to allow their property to be torn up to harvest a one-time-only crop of coal if the land cannot be returned to its original use. Farmer Harold Oberlander of New England, N. Dak., had an experience that has been repeated many times elsewhere. When he came home from his 2,000 acres of wheatland one day last year, a coal-leasing agent offered him a down payment of \$10,000 cash, plus royalties on the coal eventually to be mined, if he would sign on the dotted line. It could have been the easiest money Oberlander had ever seen, but he refused it. "We've got some of the best land in the world," he says. "It's a way of life. I want to be

able to pass it on to my children. Once they strip the land, it will be scars for centuries to come."

LEASING TROUBLES. In 1971, the Sierra Club sued the Interior Department to force it to describe the environmental effects of mining in the Northern Great Plains. The environmentalists wanted to know how mining would affect water supplies, how the now sparsely populated region could absorb the expected horde of 516,000 residents and how the land could be returned to its original uses. As the case wound through the courts, Interior declared a moratorium on the leasing of public lands in the West. That denied mining companies much of the potential coal supply since it lies below federally owned soil.

Last January the U.S. Supreme Court agreed to hear the case, and Interior Secretary Thomas S. Kleppe announced that leasing of the land may

land. The argument is before Congress, which is expected to pass a bill later this year granting the coal pipelines the right of eminent domain.

Assuming that coal wins the West, the next big question is whether it can win new customers for unconventional uses. The future looks bright indeed—provided that coal can be economically turned into synthetic oil and natural gas. So far several plants have been planned, all of them aimed to produce highly marketable (because scarce) natural gas. The largest demonstration plant to be built is a \$237 million facility in New Athens, Ill. Jointly owned by Union Carbide and Chemical Construction Corp. and partially financed by ERDA, it has been designed to turn 2,700 tons of high-sulfur Illinois coal into 22 million cu. ft. of "syngas" and 3,000 bbl. of "synoil" each day.

In some ways, it is a key test. If

MICHAEL ABRAMSON



GARGANTUAN SHOVEL DIGGING AT VEIN IN ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO
A sharp conflict in view of where lies the national interest.

be resumed by mid-1977—in an entirely new way. Instead of granting leases on the traditional first-come, first-served basis, Kleppe will accept competitive bids. Speculators will be discouraged by a requirement that winning bidders develop their land "diligently."

PIPELINES. To move the projected volumes of coal, railroad lines must buy thousands of new hopper cars and locomotives and upgrade roadbeds and tracks. Rather than wait, several consortiums of mining companies have come up with another idea: building pipelines to carry coal mixed with water from mines to users. The longest line under serious consideration would stretch 1,036 miles from Gillette, Wyo., to White Bluff, Ark. But the pipelines invariably would have to cross rail lines—and the railroads, anxious to carry all the Western coal, refuse to give their competitors permission to cross their

the plant can produce gas at \$3.20 per million cu. ft. when it starts operating in 1979, it will succeed in at least matching the economics of existing—and readily marketable—synthetic gases such as those made from naphtha. Becoming a feedstock for "syngas" would open a major new potential for coal, especially the now stymied high-sulfur varieties. The Federal Government would benefit, too, since the plant's success would be an early vindication of its insistence that the nation can achieve relative energy independence.

Yet too much can be made of the project. It is only the first of a number of technological quests for new uses for the nation's most abundant fuel. Eventually, one of them will surely pay off. When that will happen, no one now can guess. At that point, however, coal will clinch its title among fuels as the once and future king.

The T Shirt: A Startling Evolution

It was regulation issue for U.S. sailors and was called a skivvy shirt during World War II. It became popular with the public in 1947, when Marlon Brando wore one over rippling muscles in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. But no swabbie or civilian of the 1940s, suddenly confronted with the 1976 variety, would now recognize the T shirt—something that millions of Americans want to get on their chests.

From its humble beginning, when it was all white and inscribed only with the stenciled name of its owner, the T shirt has evolved and proliferated at a bewildering rate. Last week that evolution reached its highest stage yet with the introduction of Body Language, a collection that speaks for itself (see first color page). Shown in Manhattan by Promoter Philip Fox, these startling shirts will go on sale in March and could soon make the double take an institution on city streets. One, emblazoned with realistic-looking and oddly placed eyes, will put any woman one-up on male bosom watchers; her chest will stare back at them. Another has a pair of shapely legs draped over the shoulders, as if someone were riding piggy-back. A third, though neck high, seems to be a scuba suit unzipped to the navel, partially revealing breasts dyed on in authentic flesh tones. Later in the year, Body Language will include other frontal lewdity, including a shirt that looks like a grotesque potbelly.

The artistic realism embodied—as it

were—in the Body Language series is part of a proud trompe l'oeil T shirt tradition that is already months old. Some samples, now on the streets and in fashionable discotheques: a shirt that looks like a tuxedo jacket, shirt and bow tie—complete with a flower in the lapel; another that is indistinguishable from a sailor suit; and one, owned by San Francisco TV Reporter Bill Schechner, that is apparently a green sports shirt and blue tie looped in a Windsor knot. "I wear it on the air when it's too hot to wear anything else," boasts Schechner. "You can't tell that it isn't really a shirt and tie."

Smellies King. One of the newest wrinkles in T shirts is the Shirt-O-Gram, which features in large capital letters a Western Union-style message. Cost: about \$7 for up to 15 words. Californian Chris Engen, 27, who created Shirt-O-Grams, custom prints the shirt-front messages and sends them anywhere in the U.S. One typical message: DEAR BARRY, CONGRATULATIONS. THE RABBIT DIED. PLEASE CALL!

Some older styles still fit Americans to a T. They include shirts decorated with iron-on glitter, advertising slogans (I'M BULLISH ON SCHLITZ MALT LIQUOR) and the snappy one-liners that have long been a hallmark of the T shirt genre. Among the latter is a classic created by Wisconsin Designer Verne Holoubek: HARD TIMES. STARRING YOU AND ME. COMING SOON.

Trailing the visually dramatic T

shirts by a nose are the Smellies shirts—scented with everything from pizza to burnt rubber. Microscopic capsules containing the odoriferous oils are embedded in the fabric; by scratching the shirt, the wearer breaks the capsules and releases the fragrance. In the past 18 months, the Miami-based company run by the King of the Smellies, James Gall, 29, has sold or supplied the fragrance for a whopping 4 million shirts reeking with more than a hundred smells. Researchers at his company, Smell It Like It Is, Inc., have had the Gall to perfect such odors as cod-liver oil, dill pickles and lamb chops. But Gall may soon run into formidable competition. The New York-based Smell This Shirt Co. is working hard to develop marijuana-scented shirts.

Why the insatiable demand for T shirts? Manufacturers cite their low cost (often as little as \$3) and their compatibility with jeans. Others look beyond pragmatism. "It's a more graphic way of displaying your feelings," says Larry Farrell, a student at the University of California at Berkeley. "It's better than a bumper sticker." Georgia State University Sophomore Jay Jay Brooks has an easy rationale for her T shirt, which as seen from the front is purple on one side and brown on the other. Says she: "I wear it when I'm feeling ambiguous." Alan Dundes, an anthropologist at Berkeley, may have the best explanation of all: "People want to be different, unique, departing from the norm—so they buy an anti-Establishment shirt. But then everybody ends up wearing the same thing."

BICENTENNIAL YEAR T SHIRT



BRANDO IN A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE



SHIRT PASSING AS A MAN'S SUIT





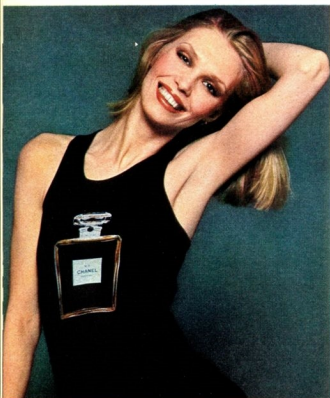
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY SAM DOWERY



Come-on eyes make shirt a reverse see-through; model models model; over-the-shoulder legs akimbo; the unzipped look is simulated scuba suit.



T shirt put-on for the evening; Chanel shirt makes scents; do-it-yourself glitter in silver and gold; two for T in blazer and sailor suit.



Filling the Vacuum

THE PRIMARY ENGLISH CLASS
by ISRAEL HOROVITZ

The situation is pure *H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N*, but its development is impure *M*A*S*H*. It is the first night of a course designed to give recent immigrants a nodding acquaintance with their new language. Out of the melting pot and into an empty classroom drip a Frenchman, an Italian, a German and two Oriental women, none of whom has any language in common with the others. Nor, it turns out, does their late-arriving teacher, Debbie Wastba (Diane Keaton), have anything but pantomime and a feverish determination to fall back upon as she goes about her unfamiliar duties (she is certified as an instructor in business administration).

Simultaneous translation keeps the audience in the picture and, for a few minutes, the show has interesting promise. Very shortly, however, it becomes clear that Playwright Horowitz has only one sort of joke in mind—a set of variations on the old Tower of Babel key—and that Director Edward Berkeley can think of only one way to play it—stridently.

It is Keaton who keeps the evening alive. As she has demonstrated in several Woody Allen movies, she is wonderfully attuned to the nuances of neuroticism as it exists in a certain type of young American woman. Allen movies, however, are not vacuums that need filling, and so she has never had the opportunity for the full-throated, full-throttle exploration of an uptight woman trying desperately not to show her true colors.

There are, in her performance, at least half a dozen Debbie's: a falsely easy-mannered hysteric, a stern elementary school disciplinarian, a sexual paranoiac (she is convinced the school janitor is a rapist), a multiprejudiced xenophobe, a cruelly playful child and, finally, a vulnerable woman. Keaton can expose all these creatures in a single whirling moment. She cannot save the show, but she has definitely announced her ability to stand independent of Allen as a delightful comic force to be reckoned with.

Richard Schickel



MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION SCENE
The market is strong.

prosperous and self-justified as any other successful capitalist.

Shaw said that *Mrs. Warren* was written for women "to draw attention to the truth that prostitution is caused, not by female depravity and male licentiousness," but by economic injustice. Though a passionate Fabian Socialist, Shaw was prudish. Hence Vivie Warren, Mrs. W's feminist daughter raised in innocence about her mother's livelihood, can still speak to contemporary women about financial independence and job prejudice. But she has nothing to say about female sexual needs.

The play remains the best of Shaw's early stage works. Lynn Redgrave as Vivie owns the current production with her crisp delivery and blowtorch shows of anger. As Mrs. Warren, Ruth Gordon is badly miscast. Her accent, when speaking of "the high-pocrisy of society," and her brassy manner belong less to the "manager" of a string of high-class brothels in Brussels and Vienna than to a Dodge City madam on the back lot at Universal Pictures.

R.Z. Sheppard

Happy Hooker

MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION
by GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

It is beginning to seem as if *Mrs. Warren's Profession* is as old as Mrs. Warren's profession. Still, after 70 years, the market for both remains strong. Producer Joseph Papp's new mounting at Manhattan's Vivian Beaumont Theater is an opportunity to see again Shaw's comedy about a fallen woman who is as

named Bing Ringling (William Atherton). He is too busy writing flops to dream. The critical notices for his latest efforts are on the order of, "The next time we read this author's name it should be on the obituary page."

The review of his life is even worse. A Svengali-like collaborator (they are working on a musical version of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*) sells Bing out for a bigger name. His added, overattentive parents come to believe he is someone else, rather than their disappointing son. An old childhood friend, now a rich and famous movie star, even upstages Bing's suicide attempt with a dive from a Broadway billboard. The star has sold the rights to his death.

The reason that Bing is put through these torments is never quite clear and not very pertinent. Attention is constantly riveted not on what Playwright Guare has in mind but on his parade of freak characters, described as a collection of "Black People, White People, Straight People, Gay People... The Spirit of the Entire Divine Comedy."

They are the cast of the too-too divine comedy that Ringling must wander through. Atherton hits the right note of hapless affability, but it is still only one note. All of the other roles are played by Ron Leibman and Anita Gillette, whose talents for mimicry and mime relieve a good deal of the script's bitter-sweet sentimentality and soft-core cynicism. Even evoked as burlesque, the brooding comic spirit of Dante is not suited to the underworld of show business, where the principal sin is usually self-delusion rather than pride.

R.Z.S.

LEIBMAN, GILLETTE & ATHERTON



Fear of Flopping

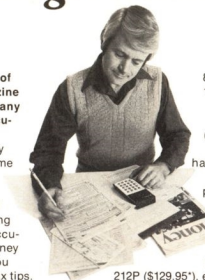
RICH & FAMOUS
by JOHN GUARE

The serious student dreams of forgetting test answers; the superegoesman of sample cases that will not open; the victorious general of gum balls in his muskets. In order to succeed, one must dream of failure. This new off-Broadway play by John Guare (*House of Blue Leaves*) is about a desperate playwright

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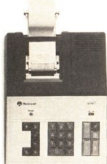
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MILESTONES

Died. Commodore John W. Anderson, 77, affable master mariner who captained the world's fastest passenger liner, the *United States*, on 494 safe Atlantic crossings during an 11½-year span; after a long illness; in Tenafly, N.J.

Died. Eddie Dowling, 81, Pulitzer-prizewinning producer and virtuoso of such other theatrical arts as playwrighting, songwriting, directing, dancing and acting; in Smithfield, R.I. Young Eddie, the 14th of 17 children, supplemented the family treasury with pennies earned doing a song-and-dance act in barroom doorways and in prizefight rings between bouts in Woonsocket and Lincoln, R.I. In 1919 he made his Broadway debut in *The Velvet Lady*, quickly followed by the *Ziegfeld Follies of 1919*, starring Will Rogers and Fannie Brice. Eventually turning to producing, Dowling in 1937 won acclaim for Shakespeare's *Richard II*, with Maurice Evans and Margaret Webster. After his prizewinning production of William Saroyan's *The Time of Your Life* in 1939, Dowling went on to his greatest triumph. In 1945, he turned down a surefire commercial play to take a chance with an unknown playwright, Tennessee Williams. *The Glass Menagerie*, which Dowling co-produced, co-directed, narrated and acted in with Laurette Taylor, made U.S. theatrical history.

Died. Frank Sullivan, 83, gentle humorist and supreme authority on American clichés who for 50 years gave the benefit of his amiable wit to the readers of the old *New York World*, *The New Yorker* magazine and his twelve books; after a long illness; in Saratoga Springs, N.Y. A native of Saratoga Springs, Sullivan knuckled down to work at age ten, pumping water for thirsty bettors at the nearby race track. He graduated from Cornell in 1914, and headed home to report for the local *Saratogian* at \$7 a week. After World War I, Sullivan moved on to New York City and the eminence of a job on the *World*, then perhaps the most highly regarded U.S. newspaper. It was there that he switched from news to humor and created his famed Mr. Arbuthnot, whose straight-faced conversation consisted of flawlessly crafted strings of clichés. ("When I'm not playing second fiddle, I'm off to Newcastle with coals, or burying the hatchet.") When the *World* died in 1931, Sullivan became a fixture at *The New Yorker*, to which he contributed from 1932 to 1974 an unfailingly cheery, name-dropping Christmas greeting in verse. During the 1920s, '30s and '40s, the natty, expansively girthed Sullivan was a member of the Algonquin Round Table, a legendary luncheon club of such Manhattan wits as Robert Benchley and Dorothy Parker.



KARPOVA & LERMONTOV IN DON QUIXOTE

Faux Pas

Severe in stiffened white net and a feathered crown, Prima Ballerina Tamara Karpova delicately wafers across the stage. Rising onto her toes, she pirouettes daintily. The audience starts to giggle. If her style is classic, Karpova's form decidedly is not. No long-limbed Balanchine girl she. At 5 ft. 6½ in., 160 lbs., Karpova's silhouette more closely resembles a sack of potatoes than a royal bird. The house shakes with laughter as her playmates, a brawny quartet of swans who differ vastly in shape and size, galumph through the imaginary forest. Disdainfully, the Black Rhinestone of Russian Ballet—as Karpova is called in the program notes—sinks into a deep *arabesque penché*, her broad washboard chest straining under her satiny bodice.

Starched Tutus. Dance's new girl, it seems, is a guy—Antony Bassae. Along with the nine other "ballerinos" of Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo, Bassae performs in satin toe shoes and starched tutus. The Trock less than two years ago started in Manhattan Soho lofts and neighborhood shoebox theaters. This week it makes a leap into respectability with a four-night stand at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. In addition to aiming choreographic broadsides at such sacred swans as George Balanchine ("Go for Barocco") and Martha Graham ("Phaedra/Monotonous"), the Trock delivers a few pointed comments on Tchaikovsky's *Le Lac des Cygnes*.

"What we are doing is not female impersonation," insists Primo Ballerino Bassae, 33. "It's a ballerino imitation. Nijinsky originally wanted to dance the *Firebird* so it's not something we discovered. Look, the Swan Queen is not a woman, she is a bird—why can't we do *Swan Lake* with a man?"

Why not indeed? Yet much of the Trock's success lies in the inherent shock of seeing a hefty male wrapped in a chiffon skirt dancing on point. "In *Coppélia*, I must be the biggest milkmaid in the world," concedes 6-ft. 2-in. Natch Taylor, 27, whose stage *personae* are Suzina La Fuzziovitich and Alexis Ivanovitch Lermontov.

The joke would wear thin very quickly if the humor were not based on a sound knowledge of classical ballet. Working with a cartoonist's bold strokes, the Trock choreographers can come uncannily close to the original steps of the ballets they spoof. Peter Anastos, 28, (whose stage name is Olga Tchikaboumskaya) slyly transforms New York City Ballet's daisy chain into a spaghetti of arms and legs in his parody of Balanchine's *Concerto Barocco*. "Every one who has seen Balanchine recognizes his chain of dancers weaving in and out and around each other," says Anastos. "So why not do a chain where someone gets stuck right in the middle and can't get out?" In the dazzling finale of the *Corsaire pas de deux*, Bassae/Karpova completes all the pirouettes and whipping one-leg turns in the traditional ver-

sion, then hurls his chunky body through the air and alights on his partner's shoulder in the classic manner. Most of the Trock dancers take class daily, some, like Antony Bassae who has performed male roles with German opera ballets, have conventional training and experience. Taylor studied with both Martha Graham and Alvin Ailey before taking to his toes. He maintains that any well-trained dancer should be able to go up on point. Bassae agrees: "Ballet seems always made by men for women. I think that it's a challenge to change that. When I put on a pair of toe shoes, I found out what fun it was to be a glamorous ballerina character."

Dazzling Lifts. Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo is an offspring of Manhattan's original "drag" dance troupe, Larry Ree's Trockadero Gloxinia Ballet, in which Bassae, Anastos and Taylor were members. Ironically they defected because Ree refused to permit them to take male roles. "I love partnering," says Natch Taylor, "so I was fired. Let a brilliant solo technician dazzle the audience with fancy footwork, let me dazzle with my lifts."

The new Trock impressed the *New Yorker's* Arlene Croce, perhaps the sternest dance critic of all. Reviewing Bassae/Karpova's performance in the *Don Quixote*, Croce wrote: "Karpova, I believe, gave a better performance than the Bolshoi's Nina Sorokina. There was more wit, more plasticity, more elegance and even more femininity in Karpova's balances and kneeling backends than in all of Sorokina's tricks." The Trock's recent winter season drew such eminent visitors as Jerome Robbins and Mikhail Baryshnikov. Sighed Bassae: "After 20 years of dancing I finally made it when I put on a tutu."

DANCERS OF LES BALLETS TROCKADERO DE MONTE CARLO IN A SCENE FROM SWAN LAKE



The Deadly Garden

The bright orange and blue blossom of the bird-of-paradise plant sways gently in the breeze. Moistened by a wintry rain, the leaves of an azalea shed pearls of water. Except for the tile mosaic of a skull that lies in their midst, the cluster of plants looks like just another pretty courtyard outside the pediatric clinic at the Kaiser-Permanente Medical Center in Fontana, Calif., the garden consists of 20 plants, all of them popular—and poisonous.

The cheerful caretaker of the lethal flora is Dr. Guy Hartman, a veteran pediatrician. He started the garden a year and a half ago, not as a grim joke, but as a serious "consciousness-raising" project to make people aware of the hazardous side of the nation's infatuation with horticulture. Last year at least 12,000 Americans were poisoned by plants, some of them fatally. Most of these cases stemmed not from rare, unfamiliar species, but from such garden-variety types as the poinsettia, holly, mistletoe, wisteria and even rhubarb.

Poisonous Beans. On each of the plants in his garden, Hartman has placed a label that gives its name, lists its nonedible parts and gives the symptoms of poisoning (see box). "We just want people to be aware how easy it is

for their kids to get poisoned by playing in the backyard," says Hartman. He points out that toddlers from 18 months to two years old are especially vulnerable because they put almost anything they pick up into their mouths. Next are the three-to-five-year-olds who, he says, "like to 'have a party' and serve just about whatever looks edible." Favorites, he says, are the pretty but poisonous castor beans, which are often strung into necklaces. "Do you know how easy it is for a child to pull one of the beans off and pop it into his mouth?"

Despite his concern for the very young, most of the 70 poisonings Hartman treats every year involve teenagers. In part, this is because of their fondness for "natural" foods, like the "tea" brewed out of Jimson weed, a dangerous desert plant. Sometimes plants do damage without being consumed. A few years ago, for example, a California youth died from poisons in an oleander branch that he had used to skewer hot dogs over a campfire.

Hartman warns that a plant should not be considered safe simply because a pet animal nibbles on it with no ill effects; it could still be harmful to humans. He also suggests avoiding smoke from burning foliage because even vapors may carry poisons. "Remember," he adds, "heating and cooking do not always destroy toxic substances, the mushroom being a prime example."

If poisoning does occur in spite of



HARTMAN, PLANTS & PATIENTS

Dr. Hartman's List of Lethal Foliage

The deadly plants, with their toxic parts and the effects of eating them:

AZALEA (entire plant): paralysis of the muscles, including the heart, depression of the central nervous system. Sometimes fatal.

BIRD-OF-PARADISE (seed pods): nausea, vomiting and diarrhea.

BLACK LOCUST (bark, foliage, young sprouts): depression, vomiting, diarrhea and weakened heartbeat. Often fatal.

CALLA LILY* (entire plant): intense burning sensation and irritation of the mouth and stomach.

CASTOR BEAN (entire plant but especially seeds): burning sensation in mouth. Swallowing two or more seeds may cause serious illness or death.

DAFFODIL (bulb): severe vomiting and

diarrhea, trembling, convulsions and sometimes death.

DAPHNE (entire plant): burning and ulceration of stomach and intestines, bloody vomiting and diarrhea.

ENGLISH IVY (leaves and berries): general excitement, difficulties in breathing, coma.

HOLLY (berries): vomiting, diarrhea, weakness and collapse.

IRIS (leaves, roots and fleshy portions): severe but temporary digestive upset.

JERUSALEM CHERRY (berries): vomiting, diarrhea and collapse.

LANTANA (leaves): gastrointestinal irritation, muscular weakness and circulatory difficulties. Sometimes fatal.

OLEANDER (entire plant): nausea, depression, bloody diarrhea, weakened and irregular pulse and paralysis.

POINSETTIA (leaves and stem): diarrhea, abdominal cramps and delirium. Sap can cause skin irritation and, if rubbed in the eyes, blindness.

POISON OAK (leaves): skin irritation. **PRIVET** (entire plant): bloody vomiting, diarrhea, severe irritation of digestive tract and general nervous symptoms.

RANUNCULUS or **BUTTERCUP** (entire plant): stomach irritation, diarrhea and, in large quantities, convulsions.

RHUBARB (leaves): vomiting, severe abdominal pain, muscle cramps and, in large quantities, convulsions, coma and death.

WISTERIA (entire plant): severe vomiting, abdominal pain and diarrhea.

YELLOW JESSAMINE (entire plant): thirst, dilation of the pupils, reddened skin, headache, high blood pressure and rapid pulse, convulsions, delirium and coma.

CALLA LILY

BIRD-OF-PARADISE

CASTOR BEAN

OLEANDER

LANTANA



*From the same family as philodendron and dieffenbachia (dumb cane), which are also poisonous.

all precautions, Hartman recommends emptying the stomach as quickly as possible, either mechanically—with a finger in the throat—or with a nonprescription drug called ipecac. Says he: "That is basically the only antidote to any kind of plant poisoning." The next step: rush the victim to the doctor or hospital.

Spectacular Hope

Nearly half of the women who undergo radical surgery for breast cancer that has spread to other parts of the body die within the next five years. Now the odds may soon shift sharply in favor of these cancer victims. Last week Italian doctors reported a new postoperative program of drug treatment that could increase the chances of survival from breast cancer as much as fivefold.

The pioneering therapy was developed by researchers at Milan's Istituto Nazionale Tumori, the Italian equivalent of the U.S. National Cancer Institute (which supported the study). Led by Dr. Gianni Bonadonna, who studied at Manhattan's Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in the 1960s, the Milan team picked three drugs—cyclophosphamide, methotrexate and 5-fluorouracil (CMF). All were known to interfere with the growth of cells, especially of fast-multiplying cancer cells. But they proved to be more active than when used alone.

When the drugs were administered to 207 women who had undergone radical mastectomies and had cancerous cells in one or more lymph nodes, the results were, in the words of an editorial that accompanied the report in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, "nothing short of spectacular." Twenty-seven months later, only 5.3% of the women showed signs of cancer. By contrast, the recurrence rate in a control group of 179 women who did not receive the same treatment was 24%. The researchers concluded, on the basis of their findings, that the drugs had not merely suppressed the incipient cancers but apparently destroyed them.

Severe Side Effects. The CMF therapy lasted a year, during which the women alternately received doses of the drugs for two weeks, then went without them for two weeks to enable them to recover from the severe side effects. Besides nausea, vomiting, loss of hair and the cessation of menstruation, the drugs cause a decline in production of white blood cells, which are part of the body's defenses against infection. As the tests continued, however, most of these effects subsided and many of the women were able to go back to work.

In the editorial, Dr. James F. Holland, head of the cancer center at New York's Mount Sinai Hospital, hailed the tests as a "work of monumental importance" that could save hundreds of thousands of lives in the coming decade. Americans, he added, "now can admire more in Milan than La Scala."

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When God Was an Englishman

Englishmen both, Joseph Mallord William Turner and John Constable were the supreme landscapists of the early 19th century: Turner with his vortexes of air and toppling seas, Constable with his images of the domestic countryside, "a branch of natural philosophy, of which my pictures are but the experiments." Both lived through the Industrial Revolution and experienced the strains it exerted on the fabric of English society. Both stood on the threshold of the modern world. But Turner's delight in extremity, the catastrophic sublime rising from a deep instinctive pessimism, makes him appear a "modern" artist—perhaps the first. Not Constable. His green distances and slowly turning water mills, his amiable valleys and serene horizons banked with cumulus seem the last of what was passing, not the first of what was to come.

Whole Man. But categorizing is not that easy. We know Turner's world better than Constable's, or think we do, especially after the splendid Turner retrospective at London's Royal Academy (TIME, Dec. 23, 1974). Now, the same service has been done for Constable, with an exhibition of 335 of his paintings, drawings and watercolors, organized for the Tate Gallery in London by three art historians, Leslie Parris, Ian Fleming-Williams and Conal Shields. It celebrates Constable's 200th birthday and is the largest showing of his work ever. For the first time, one can see the whole man under one roof—from the juvenilia (a graffiti he scratched on a beam in the family mill when he was 16) and memorabilia, to the grand series of 6-ft. landscapes he painted in the 1820s and '30s. These include *The Hay Wain*, *The Leaping Horse*, *Salisbury Cathedral, from the Meadows*, *Hadleigh Castle*. In them Constable did to the perception of landscape in paint what Wordsworth had done to it in verse.

There are painters who carry their childhood experience all their lives. It forms the genetic code, the inescapable structure, of their work. Constable was one. He was born in Suffolk, where his father owned water mills on the River Stour. He lived a life of blameless bourgeois obscurity, alternating between London and the Suffolk countryside with his wife Maria Bicknell, who bore him seven children. At 45, he wrote to a friend: "The sound of water escaping from Mill dams . . . willows, Old rotten Banks, slimy posts, & brickwork. I love such things . . . I should paint my own places best—Painting is but another word for feeling. I associate my 'careless boyhood' to all that lies on the banks of the *Stour*. They made me a painter (and I am grateful) . . . I had often

thought of pictures of them before I had ever touched a pencil."

His childhood was substance rather than fantasy: tactile memories of mold, mud, woodgrain and brick became some of the most "painterly" painting in the history of art. The foreground of *The Leaping Horse* is all matter, and the things in it—squidgy earth, tangled weeds and wild flowers, prickly of light on the dark skin of water sliding over a hidden ledge—are troweled and spattered on with ecstatic gusto.

This is the landscape of touch. In *Hadleigh Castle*, c. 1829—a gloomy ruin at the mouth of the Thames, painted around the time of his wife's death

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON



CONSTABLE BY CONSTABLE

A landscape of touch.

from consumption—Constable's tactility reaches its extreme. A cowerd and his collie are encrusted blobs, identical in substance to the rocks, the ruin, the clouds; liquid or scumbled, the tossing white brush marks in the sky have a resolutely material quality for which there were no parallels in European painting.

He was, in short, an intensely specific artist. Specificity did not come easily, for any landscapist practicing around 1800 faced a battery of required stereotypes—chiefly the pastoral landscape with framing trees and unified brown tone, in the manner of Claude or Gaspard Poussin. Time and again, we see Constable glancing at the formula, using it, sheering off. He writes in 1803, the year of his Royal Academy debut: "I have been running after pictures and seeking the truth at second hand . . . I

shall shortly return to Bergholt where I shall make some laborious studies from nature—and I shall endeavour to get a pure and unaffected representation of the scenes . . ."

This was not a simple process, and one would caricature Constable's achievement by treating it as a linear journey from style to reality. What he knew of art constantly modified what he saw in nature. But the balance he struck between these terms, in his finest paintings, was quite new. Only the gentleness of the subjects—those mellow distances which, a century and a half later, seem like the never-never land of Arcady—veils it from us. It amounted to a prediction of impressionism, 40 years ahead. It was an attempt, as Constable put it, "to arrest the more abrupt and transient appearances of the Chiaroscuro in Nature, to shew its effect in the most striking manner, to give 'to one brief moment, caught from fleeting time' a lasting and sober existence . . ."

From then on Constable became immersed in small divisions of time: in moments no two of which were the same. Hence his sheaves of cloud studies, done from observations on Hampstead Heath. He did not use the broken colors and blue shadows which, after a century of impressionism, we still imagine as necessary for telling a truth about light. A work like *Dedham Lock and Mill*, c. 1819, is straight tonal painting. Yet it would be hard to imagine a more succinctly truthful rendering of light on water and young grass. Here, Constable's "scientific" or descriptive impulse joins with the aesthetic in a moment of pragmatic freshness: not much painting looks as modern in 1976 as this must have looked in 1819.

Virginal and Dense. But for all that, Constable still wanted to paint landscapes like an old master in the line of Gainsborough, Ruysdael and Rubens. Hence the big machines, like *The Hay Wain*. Hence, too, an unfamiliar—because privately owned—masterpiece, *Salisbury Cathedral, from the Meadows*, c. 1831. In the afterglow light, the spire and façade of the cathedral show silver against slate roof, and the clouds are like marble. The cathedral sits inside the rainbow's curve as though in a proscenium arch. Then one sees how every element (building, rainbow, sky, the tree on the left and the cart) is linked by one startling device: the tree, turning on the hub of the cartwheel like an immense brush, seems to have drawn the arc of rainbow across the sky, unveiling the cathedral as it goes. Every surface—the mudguards of the cart no less than the slowly sliding water—sparkles with a whitish impasto, virginal and dense. Constable offers us a world both monumental and newly minted. In it, God is an Englishman.

Robert Hughes



Detail of Constable's "A Mill (Dedham Lock and Mill)"

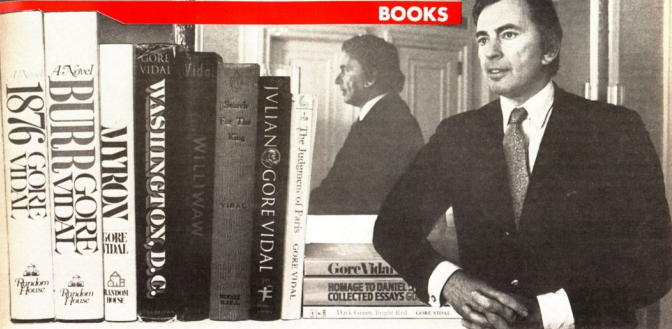
PRIVATE COLLECTION



"Landscape (The Leaping Horse)"

"Salisbury Cathedral, from the Meadows"





COVER STORY

GORE VIDAL: Laughing Cassandra

"Left to my own devices, I spent a bemused hour observing the Senate and the House of Representatives. The two chambers have recently been renovated, and the old red hangings and tobacco-stained rugs have been replaced by a delicate grey decor with hints here and there of imperial gilt... Those few who had come to observe the democratic process seemed mostly to be simple country people who behaved—quite rightly—as if they were at the circus; they chewed tobacco, shelled peanuts, ate popped corn, a newly contrived delicacy with the consistency and, I should think, the flavor of new paper currency."

The quotation is from *1876* (Random House, 364 pages, \$10), Gore Vidal's new novel. In any other year but the Bicentennial, *1876* would merely be a bestseller. It was, after all, prompted by two earlier Vidal bestsellers: *Washington, D.C.* (1967), a study of mid-20th-century political scrambling; and *Burr* (1973), a revisionist appraisal of the founding fathers. "With *1876*," says Vidal, "I've examined the dead center of the country, the year of the Centennial, and there's a nice symmetry, obviously, that it's coming out the year of the Bicentennial."

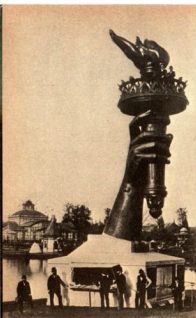
This "nice symmetry" is even nicer calculation. For the historical fervor fostered by the Bicentennial promises to turn *1876* into a quasi-official happening. Prepublication signs have been uniformly bullish. Random House and Ballantine Books jointly paid Vidal an advance approaching \$1 million for hardback and paperback rights. The Book-of-the-Month Club, which has made *1876* its main selection for March, shelled out more than twice its normal fee of \$85,000. A first printing of 75,000 copies has virtually disappeared under a flood of orders, and a second printing of 25,000 is on the way. Yet while Vidal, 50, is quite willing to ride the Bicentennial wave, he is in no mood to join in the celebration: "I should think a year of mourning would be highly salutary—for our lost innocence, our eroding liberties, our vanishing resources, our ruined environment."

In fact, *1876* undercuts Vidal's post-Watergate gloom. For his novel demonstrates that the nation was no Eden a hundred years ago. *1876* accurately and comically recounts the sins of

the fathers. Maimed Civil War veterans beg on the streets. The odor of the recently destroyed Tweed Ring still hovers over New York City. In Washington, the corruption of the Grant Administration grows more garish by the day. Everything and everybody has a price. An appointment to West Point costs the applicant's parents \$5,000, while a seat in the U.S. Senate can be obtained for \$200,000. U.S. Senators, as a rule, can be had for much less. Moral indignation, that main current of contemporary American thought, seems nonexistent. Yet Vidal's travelogue through this dark time is as funny as it is unsettling. With malicious wit, irresistible gossip and sturdy research, he turns *1876* into an ornate 200th birthday card inscribed with a poison pen.

The book purports to be the private journal of Charles Schermerhorn Schuyler, the illegitimate son and protégé of Aaron Burr (and the co-star of *Burr*). Charles, now 62, returns to the U.S. on the eve of its Centennial after a 38-year sojourn in Europe. Wiped out by the panic of 1873, he must barter his reputation as a respected journalist for some badly needed cash. He must also make a suitable match for his daughter Emma, 35, the widow of an impecunious French prince. Ultimately, Schuyler hopes to parlay a casual friendship with New York Governor Samuel J. Tilden into the best old-age pension of all: with Reformer Tilden the certain Democratic nominee for President and a likely victor over the scandal-ridden Republicans, Schuyler grandly casts himself as America's next minister to France.

Schuyler soon secures domestic assignments with several New York papers and covers a number of enviable beats: Congress and the White House, the opening of the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, the Republican convention in Cincinnati. (He rejects his editor's invitation to go West and write about the Indians; the massacre of troops led by General George A. Custer convinces Schuyler that he was right to refuse.) Leading writers and politicians traverse the pages of *1876*: William Cullen Bryant,



CENTENNIAL DISPLAY

BOOKS



PRESIDENT GRANT

Mark Twain, President Grant, New York Senator Roscoe Conkling, Representatives James G. Blaine and James A. Garfield.

Bedazzled by Schuyler's fatherly connection with royalty, the best New York families—the "Astorocracy"—throw open their gilded doors. Schuyler is allowed into the presence of Mrs. William Astor, contender for the post of society's grandest dame, and notices that her "dead-black hair is not entirely her own." He catches a party glimpse of John Jacob Astor III, "slow but agreeable, and much too red in the face." Wherever he goes, Schuyler is publicly deferential, as befits an aging favor seeker. Privately, this self-described "effete Parisian" fills his journal with barbed, often uproarious observations on this "vigorous, ugly, turbulent realm."

Schuyler's comments (see box) are themselves worth the price of the novel. Vidal has no peers at breathing movement and



CANDIDATE TILDEN



CANDIDATE HAYES

laughter into the historical past. His book teems with offbeat details: Tilden's dyspepsia and private collection of erotic literature; the Petronian orgy of a White House banquet ("25 courses and six good wines"); the surprisingly low and musical quality of Grant's voice. Even though the results have been in for 100 years, Vidal marshals his research so that the 1876 election reads like a cliffhanger.

The outcome dashes Schuyler's hopes. Tilden collects over 250,000 popular votes more than his Republican opponent, Ohio Governor Rutherford B. Hayes, but outright frauds, payoffs and congressional deals make Hayes the victor by one electoral vote. Even the profoundly cynical Schuyler is shocked by the brazenness of the theft. A further jolt awaits him. His daughter catches a millionaire husband—and there is evidence that she may have abetted his first wife's death to do it. "Why write any of this?" a distraught Schuyler asks near the end. "Answer: habit. To turn life to words is to make life yours to do with as you please, instead of the other way round. Words translate and trans-

Schuyler/Vidal on the Way It Was

I admit that our Presidents have very little to do. The Congress governs—and does most of the stealing.

The horsecar swayed and rattled down Fifth Avenue. At the car's center a small potbellied stove gave off insufficient heat, and mephitic fumes. On the floor was straw as insulation. My fellow passengers were mostly men, mostly bearded, mostly potbellied like the stove. In fact, saving the desperate poor, everyone in New York is overweight: it seems to be the style.

Americans have always lived entirely in the present, and this generation is no different from mine except that now there is more of a past for them to ignore.

It is especially pitiable to watch the eyes of the ladies grow round with greed as pheasants and lobsters, sorbets and desserts, are presented to them. Even those who do not betray their appetite by staring, who continue to talk with animation of other subjects, give themselves away when, without warning, a polite and cultivated syllable will suddenly drown in an excess of saliva. Yet it is a

reckless woman who dares take more than a small slice of some favorite dish, for should she eat as much as she likes, she will simply faint dead away, as the corsets they wear this season are of tightest whalebone.

By the time the orchestra was silent, the presidential party was seated and a bishop was on his feet, speaking at awful length, as bishops will. This holy man favoured peace, commerce and God, in that order.

The party is now assembling that platform on which the eventual nominee must stand or run or fall or whatever. The issue that most grips me is monogamy for Utah. Many otherwise quite sane politicians become livid at the mention of the Mormons, a curious sect recently invented by a "prophet" and confined for the most part to the Utah desert, where Mormon women live in harems and breed incontinently. They sound very nice to me, if overly energetic.

All summer long the country has been entirely preoccupied with the Centen-

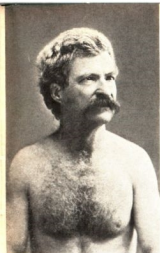
nial Exhibition, with sewing machines, Japanese vases, popped corn, typewriters and telephones, not to mention incessant praise for those paladins who created this perfect nation, this envied Eden, exactly one century ago.

Mark Twain takes very seriously what the press says about him. Obviously, this is the price one must pay for his kind of popularity; yet there is not a popular newspaper in the United States which an intelligent man need take seriously on any subject.

The section of lawn separated from the White House by this new extension of Pennsylvania Avenue is now known as Lafayette Park, at whose center stands not a statue of Lafayette—that would be too logical—but one of Andrew Jackson astride his horse. I was pleased to see that the Capitol is at last finished.

I have always found it strange that a nation whose prosperity is based entirely upon cheap immigrant labour should be so unrelentingly xenophobic.

The last eight weeks of a presidential election are the crucial ones. At least from the point of view of learning who stole what from whom.



MARK TWAIN

JACQUES DENIS 1876



HENRY JAMES

THE GRANGER COLLECTION

mute raw life, make bearable the unbearable." It is the last refuge of the artist—or of the bitterly disappointed.

In the case of Schuyler's creator, the two may in fact be one and the same. For despite his advanced years and portly figure, the tremor in his right hand, rheumatic shoulder and incipient cataracts, Charlie bears an uncanny resemblance to Gore. If proof were needed of this connection, Vidal teasingly provides it. At one point in 1876, Schuyler meets "a most sensitive, wide-eyed, rather plump young man from, I think, Boston." Though Schuyler does not give his name, he is clearly Henry James. The young writer promises to send Schuyler his newly issued first novel (James himself had just published *Roderick Hudson*) and to live abroad "the sort of life you have led, Mr. Schuyler." Nabokovian mirror-images multiply. Vidal's puppet, Schuyler, prompts James to live abroad; Vidal has since followed James' example. The locale of this meeting is—also clearly—Edgewater; the handsome 1820 Greek Revival mansion on the Hudson River was once owned by the author of 1876.

The James-Schuyler scene is typically Vidalian: a bright, sparkling surface charged with the animus of estrangement. The same note echoes through all of his writings. Affairs are in the hands of parvenus and thugs; the best and the brightest cannot bail out the sinking ship.

Vidal obviously numbers himself among this Sisyphian elite. His tone is that of the seer scorned; yet he can hardly claim to be the prophet ignored. For 30 years he has been a cinder in the public eye: novelist, Broadway playwright, television dramatist, screenwriter, essayist, congressional candidate, actor, troubador to the Kennedy Camelot, talk-show regular, political debater and full-time nag. Millions who have never read him recognize his electronic presence: elegance bordering on narcissism, feline languor, throaty self-assurance.

He has never lacked a podium to argue his pet causes—and to infuriate great masses of his countrymen at will. He has mocked the "heterosexual dictatorship" in the U.S., championed the rights and pleasures of homosexuals, and called for a legal curb on human breeding. He has castigated America as "the land of the dull and the home of the literal" and repeatedly predicted the "smash-up" of the "last empire on earth." Like many a gadfly before him, from Twain to Mencken, Vidal has won fame and wealth by biting the land that feeds him.

Yet this most prodigal native son cannot seem to decide whether he abandoned his home or was pushed. "I do nothing but think about my country," he says. "The United States is my theme, and all that dwell in it." Vidal's gibes at the nation's expense are based on something more than casual distaste; they bear the stamp of a long—and unrequited—passion. "The only thing I've ever really wanted in my life," he says without irony, "was to be President."

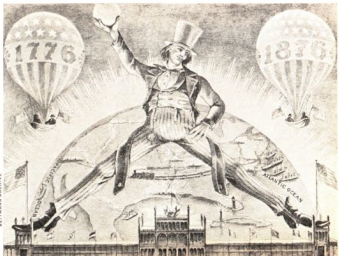
To those who know Vidal simply as the Dracula of late-night talk shows, his federal dreams may sound like terminal hubris. In fact, they are in his blood. Eugene Luther Vidal Jr. was born Oct. 3, 1925, in the Cadet Hospital at West Point, where his father Eugene, a one-time football hero, taught aeronautics.



1870s' GILDED SPLENDOR OF WILLIAM ASTOR MANSION ON FIFTH AVENUE



1882 STREET SCENE AT NEW YORK'S MADISON SQUARE



BOOKS

His mother Nina was the daughter of Oklahoma Senator Thomas Pryor Gore, a fiery Populist-Democrat who had been completely blind from the age of eleven. Vidal spent much time in his grandfather's home in Washington's Rock Creek Park. The boy read aloud to the Senator (constitutional history, British common law, the *Congressional Record*) and guided him around Washington. A book-crammed attic also gave Vidal a place to hide from growing tensions at home. A childhood friend from these years remembers Vidal's father as "quiet" and his mother as "so self-centered I cannot imagine anyone standing to be in a room with her." They were divorced in 1935.

Vidal still expresses unabashed hero worship for his father, who died in 1969: "He was the most famous athlete of his day and a very glamorous figure in aviation." Several years ago Vidal entered a movie theater "to see some old *March of Time* newsreels. And there, suddenly, was my father. It made an extraordinary impact on me. He must have been about 35, and there I was, older than that, watching him. It was very strange. I was very, very fond of him."

Senator Gore, who died in 1949, was eulogized in a 1959 TV play written by his grandson. Vidal himself spoke the last words: "Gore's long life passed as swiftly, in his own phrase as 'the snowflakes upon the river.' But he is still remembered and he is missed not only for himself but for what he was."

His mother, though, is a subject on which the usually candid Vidal has volunteered little. "She had a gift for not doing the right thing" is about all he has to offer. But Anaïs Nin, who met and befriended Vidal in Paris in 1945, told her *Diary* that the young man "knows the meaning of his mother abandoning him when he was ten to remarry and have other children." In another entry, she wrote: "He had wanted his mother to die."

Shortly after her divorce, Nina Vidal married Hugh D. Auchincloss, a wealthy broker and the squire of Merrywood, a handsome Virginia estate. Despite the trauma that this union occasioned, it gave Vidal two tenuous family connections that were to affect his career: Auchincloss's mother was Emma Brewster Jennings, a descendant of Aaron Burr; and, after he and Vidal's mother were divorced, Auchincloss married Mrs. Janet Bouvier, the mother of the future Jacqueline Kennedy.

In 1940 Vidal entered Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire and, echoing his grandfather's fierce isolationism, soon joined the school's America First movement. "He fancied himself a campus politician," recalls Classmate Robert Bingham, now an editor at *The New Yorker*. Student government allowed Vidal to act out childhood dreams. "There was a senate," Bingham says, "and he pretended to represent Oklahoma. He threw himself into it, and I'm sure he saw himself as a Senator." A streak of vanity surfaced; opponents noticed that Vidal always presented his better profile during debates. A less-than-brilliant student, Vidal never made it to the advanced English class. But he published poems and stories in the school *Review*, began and abandoned a novel, and changed his name from Gene to Gore. His graduation yearbook named him Class Hypocrite.

As if in confirmation, Vidal immediately dropped his iso-

lationism. On July 30, 1943, he joined the Enlisted Reserve Corps of the U.S. Army and later landed in the Transportation Corps. He spent some months as a warrant officer aboard a freighter plying the seas around the Aleutians. Vidal used the empty hours to begin *Williwaw*, a Hemingwayesque tale of men at sea. By the time he was discharged in 1946, he had finished it and a second novel as well. When *Williwaw* was published that March, Vidal was heralded as a prodigy of American letters.

It was a heady time to be young, famous and among the first into the era of postwar fiction. Vidal did not attend college; instead, he joined the class of Norman Mailer, Irwin Shaw, James Jones, John Hersey. An Alabama gamin named Truman Capote materialized, and he and Vidal were soon nightclubbing together and meeting for weekly gossip lunches amid the palms of New York's Plaza Hotel. "It was deadly to get caught in the crossfire of their conversation," recalls one who was there. "They were a pair of gilded youths on top of the world."

But perhaps because success had come so easily, Vidal soon grew "bored with playing it safe." In 1948 he published *The City and the Pillar*, a sympathetic story of homosexuality. The novel's subdued, discreet portrait of physical love between males was shocking for its time. The sensation it caused made *The City and the Pillar* a bestseller. It also may have harmed the author. The New York Times refused to run advertisements for the book. Many critics were angered and decided that Vidal had betrayed their earlier praise. During the next six years, his star declined. He published five more novels to a generally tepid recognition from reviewers and the public. His average income from each was about \$5,000.

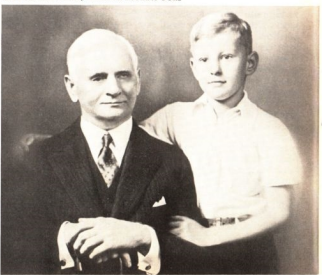
That was hardly enough to maintain the Vidal style, much less Edgewater, which he had bought in 1950. Searching for a way to support himself with his pen, Vidal decided to try writing for television. The Iron Pyrites age had arrived and with it came a voracious demand for new material. Vidal rapidly mastered the demands of the teleplay form and ultimately commanded fees as high as \$5,000 for a one-hour script.

He tried screenwriting and proved adept at that as

THE NOVELIST AT 21



WITH GRANDFATHER, SENATOR THOMAS GORE



VIDAL WITH J.F.K. & JACKIE AT WASHINGTON HORSE SHOW (1961)



YOU'LL GET MORE WITH GORE



CANDIDATE GESTURES DURING 1960 CONGRESSIONAL CAMPAIGN

well. A suave addition to Hollywood society, he was briefly engaged to Actress Joanne Woodward; she and Husband Paul Newman are now among his closest friends. His backstage knowledge was only exceeded by his familiarity with backstairs politics. *The Best Man*, his well-made melodrama about infighting at a political nominating convention, opened on Broadway in 1960 and ran for 520 performances.

By that time Vidal was running too. Writing *The Best Man* had inspired him to become the Democratic candidate for Congress in New York State's bedrock Republican 29th District. It was a kamikaze assignment. Vidal advocated such positions as federal aid to education and diplomatic recognition of Communist China. With the help of Eleanor Roosevelt, a Hudson Valley neighbor and friend, and such show-business celebrities as Woodward and Newman, Vidal staged a surprisingly effective campaign. He lost by 25,000 votes (out of a total 183,000 cast) but outpolled every Democratic House candidate in the district since 1910. He also ran ahead of Presidential Candidate John F. Kennedy.

With Stepsister Jacqueline in the White House, Vidal regained entrée to the center of power. He enjoyed an easy, bantering relationship with J.F.K. Once, sitting next to Kennedy at a horse show, the author remarked on how easy it would be for a marksman to assassinate the President. Vidal then added that he would probably be hit instead. "No great loss," Kennedy joked. But Vidal's snappish wit and lofty mien were not the virtues of a loyal flatterer. Robert Kennedy distrusted and disliked him. During a White House party, Bobby flared when Vidal laid a brotherly hand on Jackie. Insults were exchanged, and Gore was banished from the court. He later struck back in print with fulminations like "The Holy Family," a notorious *Esquire* essay that warned of the day when "a vain and greedy intellectual establishment will most certainly restore to power the illusion-making Kennedys." The breach with Jackie has not been healed.

A gradual withdrawal from the U.S. was under way. In 1963 he began spending much of his time in Rome, soaking up local color for his first novel in ten years. *Julian* (1964), a vivid study of the 4th century Roman Emperor who vainly tried to stem the spread of Christianity, was a surprise bestseller. A string of successful novels followed, including the memoirs of *Myra Breckinridge* (1968), Vidal's funniest work on fuddled sexual identity.

In fact, *Julian* and *Myra Breckinridge* suggest Vidal's startling range as a literary mime. He can pull off convincing im-



WITH ELEANOR ROOSEVELT AT HYDE PARK IN 1960

personations of both an ascetic, driven emperor and a movie-mad transsexual—and impress history buffs with his faithful reproduction of Aaron Burr. He exhibits this talent in private as well. The distinctive, stentorian voice can shift eerily into that of J.F.K. or Richard Nixon. When telling an anecdote, Vidal regularly falls into the tones and mannerisms of its subject. He can do a wry impression of Tennessee Williams, explaining what happened to Blanche DuBois at the end of *A Streetcar Named Desire*: "Well, ah assume she spent the next three yeh-ahs seducin' th' young dochtuhs at the insane asylum, then was let out and opened a smawul shop in the French Quatuh."

Vidal's favorite public act is playing the gentleman bitch. His political essays are less written than engraved with acid. He has railed constantly—and rather inconsistently—at an American electorate too stupid to choose proper leaders and at a capitalistic oligarchy that systematically cheats the common yeomanry. A litany developed: all people are innately bisexual (though not all choose to act it); the police persecute people for private preference and turn a blind eye to fat-cat criminality; the end is near.

Vidal's perigee as a public debater came during the turbulent 1968 Democratic Convention in Chicago. Appearing on ABC-TV, while demonstrators and police rioted in the streets, Vidal called Fellow Commentator William F. Buckley Jr. a "crypto Nazi." Buckley riposted: "Now listen, you queer. Stop calling me a crypto Nazi or I'll sock you in your goddam face and you'll stay plastered." Mutual lawsuits finally came to a well-earned nothing.

Intimates who know him off-tube insist that Vidal's public image as a Cassandra in drag is a mask protecting a sensitive, even self-sacrificial ally. Actress Claire Bloom recalls the time last year when he interrupted the writing of *1876* to accompany her on a twelve-day trip to Greece. Depressed by a broken marriage and a role in a play that folded out of New York, she found Vidal a consoling companion, showing her local sights she had not seen before. Later, he dedicated *1876* to her. "I know he likes to give the impression that he is incapable of love," Says Bloom, "He is capable of it, but he doesn't want others to know, I don't know why."

Vidal's half sister, Mrs. Nina Straight, a Washington socialite, agrees that he has held something back from the world: "I don't think Gore wants people to know what a sterling character he is and how hard he works. He has not had a happy life, but he's never dwelt on it. He just put certain things aside and concentrated on the writing. I know it sounds Horatio Algeresque—he will vomit to think I'm putting him in that category. But it's true."

In fact, by most outward measure, Vidal's present life is close to the last chapter in an Alger novel—updated by Gore Vidal. He spends eight or nine months each year at La Rondinaia

BOOKS

(The Swallow's Nest), his spectacular Italian villa at Ravello, perched on a 200-ft. cliff overlooking the Amalfi coast. The sun-drenched three-story house is impeccably furnished and filled with mementos and family photographs; Senator Gore's old rocking chair sits in the second-floor study where his grandson writes.

Everyday details are handled by Bronx-born Howard Austen, 47, Vidal's companion for 26 years. Vidal rises most mornings between 9:30 and 11, has a small breakfast and then writes until 3 p.m., pausing only to consume a boiled egg for lunch. Next comes 30 to 45 minutes of weight lifting, a daily regimen to keep his 6-ft. frame tolerably within range of 180 lbs. When this fails, he adopts a last resort: holing up in a hotel where he hates the food. Vidal manifests an unembarrassed narcissism about his appearance. "When I was a little boy," he says, "I looked just like the Gores—blond and pig-nosed. But growing older, I've grown more Vidal." He cannot resist a final Roman vanity: "I have the face now of one of the later, briefer Emperors."

Night life at Ravello is generally subdued. Visitors to La Rondinaia have included Princess Margaret, the Newmans, Andy Warhol and Mick and Bianca Jagger, but Vidal spends most evenings alone, reading until 3 a.m.—usually research for what he will write the next day.

Vidal also maintains a spacious apartment in Rome but spends less and less time there. He is friendly with journalists and occasionally sees such fellow novelists as Anthony Burgess and Muriel Spark. Curiously for the author of *Julian* and a man who considers Christianity "the single greatest disaster that has ever happened to the West," Vidal seems to delight in the company of clerics. One of the people he dines with in Rome is American Jesuit John Navone, a theologian at the Pontifical Gregorian University. When Navone once brought a group of visiting Jesuits to Vidal's apartment, Vidal greeted them with the question "Out for a night in Transylvania?"

On another occasion, at dinner, Vidal teased Navone: "Now, John, tell us what your idea of heaven is.... all about those angels." Navone gently replied: "There are no harps. We are already there. Heaven is communicating with friends." Moved, Vidal had nothing to say.

That rarely happens, as TIME Correspondent Erik Amfitheatrof discovered during a recent interview with the author. He found the celebrated Vidal tongue as sharp and active as ever. A sampling of Vidal's current opinions and animadversions:

► Truman Capote: "He's made lying an art form—a minor art form."

► Norman Mailer: "I think his whole life was destroyed by his name. He should have been called Male-est."

► The "cleansing effect" of



VIDAL ON THE TELEPHONE IN HIS ROME APARTMENT
Enjoying the company of clerics.

against the idea that the director is the sole *auteur* of a film. Some are—Fellini, Bergman. But most directors are parasites, peculiarly dependent on the talents of writers whose names they very rarely reveal to the press." More immediate is a March visit to the U.S. promoting *1876*. Vidal seems unenthusiastic: "When I think about it, I just see 10,000 Ramada Inns from one end of the country to the other."

In such a mood, he muses about retirement: "After all, I've been at it for 30 years. At my age Scott Fitzgerald had been dead for six years, Hemingway had nearly stopped, Faulkner wasn't much good. It might be a good idea to stop while you have all your marbles."

Then, with typical reverse English he announces that he will be back in the country next summer, covering the Democratic Convention for *Rolling Stone*. There may be more than

sheer perversity behind that assignment: Vidal is surely aware that 50 is barely puberty in the life of a politician. Could he be subjecting himself to the chaos of political conventions because of an old obsession, the one prize life has denied him? How could a writer resist the fantasy: a hopelessly deadlocked convention; a sudden mammoth coming-to-the-senses by the delegates; a whisper cascading into a roar that will not be gavelled into silence. And out into the glare of klieg lights and a forest of microphones there steps, at last, the Best Man.

Such a scenario, Vidal admits, is impossible. "You can't write—how to put it discreetly?—adventurous books like *Julian* and *Myra Breckinridge* and then make the trip to Pennsylvania Avenue."

True enough. But if you can create Charlie Schuyler and his engrossing history, why bother with Conventional thinking? As every author—and every reader—knows, writing well is the best trip of them all.

ON THE TERRACE AT LA RONDINAIA



CINEMA

Crossed Stars

GABLE AND LOMBARD

Directed by SIDNEY J. FURIE

Screenplay by BARRY SANDLER

"They had more than love—they had fun." So say the ads for *Gable and Lombard*. Unbelievably, there is more historical truth—which is to say, the barest acceptable minimum—in that simple adman's conceit than there is in the entire length of the vulgar, banal and finally repulsive movie it is designed to promote.

Antique gossip indicates that this crossed-star romance was an easy, affectionate sort of thing, enlivened by the lady's raucous sense of humor and stabilized by Gable's patient amusement with her flights. Both appear to have been unpretentious people, genuinely



BROLIN & CLAYBURGH IN *G. AND L.*

Single-entendre jokes.

surprised—and moved—by their luck at finding one another in the marital climate of *haute* Hollywood in the late '30s. Others, alternately freezing and frying in that weird weather, were apparently much comforted by the example Gable and Lombard set.

It would have been both pleasant and salutary to see a film about a good match prevailing against the odds—sort of like seeing a re-release of a Nick and Nora Charles picture. But it would have required the wit and style that informed the inexpensively made *Thin Man* films and other light, sophisticated romances, some of which starred Lombard herself. These qualities, once so readily found in American movies, have now vanished. A cloddish script slams at us single-entendre jokes about sex. Doltish direction hammers them home with the sweaty desperation of a bad nightclub comic whose act is dying. The stars were

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Rose's Lime Juice. For great gimlets.

CINEMA

discovered on television. James Brolin, who plays the young doctor on *Marcus Welby*, gives a congealed imitation of Gable, not an interpretation. Jill Clayburgh, who was spotted on *Hustling*, a made-for-television movie, is driven into a frenzied impersonation not of Lombard but of at least six actresses in search of an author.

Gross Cartoon. In short, the movie is bad in all the conventional ways. There are minor historical howlers, and the lighting is so inept that in one key scene Lombard's shadow falls on Gable's face, blocking out his reactions. What makes the film perversely interesting is the one quite novel way it has found to be bad. Gable was married when he met Lombard and apparently suffered the usual expensive difficulties that the newly rich have in shedding the mate who shared all the early struggles. Meantime, he and Lombard discreetly lived together until the lawyers could do their work.

The script converts this inconvenience into a spurious moral crisis. It borrows Charles Chaplin's famous paternity suit and gives it to Gable so that Lombard can risk her career by testifying in open court that Gable could not have fathered another woman's child because he had been in bed with her every night for months. In order to make this fiction plausible, huge amounts of screen time are devoted to setting up an us-against-them situation. It presents morally realistic (that is, morally relative) Hollywood fighting off armies of blue-haired ladies who want to impose their outmoded behavioral codes. This is an example of Hollywood paranoia at its most ludicrous, a fundamental misreading of both its former audience and the gullibility of its present one. It renders absurd a conclusion in which the public rallies to the lovers' forthrightness that converts them into heroic pioneers of the new morality. The social history of moviemaking is one of the most interesting histories available to us, and it is infuriating to see it presented as a gross cartoon by people in a position to know better.

Richard Schickel

Slumming Expedition

GREY GARDENS

Directed by DAVID MAYSLES, ALBERT MAYSLES, ELLEN HOVDE and MUFFIE MEYER

It seems farfetched, but this is a documentary. *Grey Gardens*, a new *cinéma vérité* creation of the Maysles brothers (*Gimme Shelter*, *Salesman*), concerns the dilapidated lives of Edith Beale, 79, and her daughter Edie, 56. Both women live in East Hampton, Long Island, performing some dizzy charade out of *The Madwoman of Chaillot*. Grey Gardens, the crumbling house they inhabit, is overrun by raccoons, squirrels and other woodland creatures. The two women live mostly in one room, where the beds are covered with cans of cat food, the

floors ankle-deep in garbage. Occasionally a handyman named Jerry drops by for a visit.

Grey Gardens might also be called *Edie's Complaint*. Edie is afraid her mother will ask Jerry to move in. Edie does not think her mother is fair to her. She never gets to have any friends. Her mother chased away her only serious suitor years before.

Both women show the film makers albums full of old photographs in which they are regal and rather beautiful. Edith sings. So does Edie. The summer is about to end. Edie confides that her mother, against all evidence, is "a lot of fun. I hope she doesn't die. I don't want to spend another winter here, though."

Mrs. Beale and Edie are respectively the aunt and first cousin of Jacqueline Onassis, and so a certain notoriety has attached itself to their situation. The town fathers of East Hampton tried to have them evicted from *Grey Gardens* on the grounds—richly demonstrated in



EDITH BEALE IN *GREY GARDENS*
Charade from Chaillot.


the film—that the house is a menace to health. The Beales fought a well-publicized battle and stayed, although this fight is not the subject of the film. It is difficult to ascertain what the subject of the film really is, or the reason it was made. The Maysles brothers have always been inveterate seekers after the phantom of documentary "truth." This quest has been hampered by the peculiar insularity of their vision and by its glib spontaneity. In *Grey Gardens* they do not mean to be cruel to the Beales, although they are. The movie has some slender justification as a piece of psychological reporting, about the ways two people rely on each other and torture each other. But all we see—perhaps all anyone could ever see—are the bitterness and the desperation, not how and why they began. Without the powers of art to enrich and transform, *Grey Gardens* remains an aimless act of ruptured privacy and an exploitation. *Jay Cocks*

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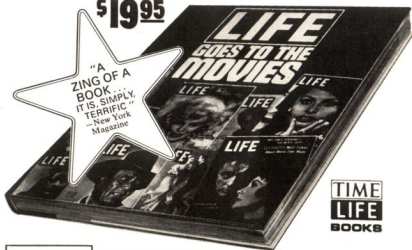
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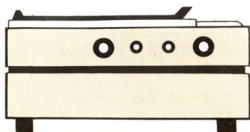
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TIME ESSAY

What Hath XEROX Wrought?

Imagine for a moment that some inventive and omnipotent god offered the nation a device that would greatly advance the spread of information. In return, the deity required that the President resign, that stacks of sensitive Government and corporate secrets be made public, and that the country be buried in a sea of paper. There would probably be few takers.

Yet that bargain is in effect the unintended heritage of the Xerox machine. Since its perfection less than two decades ago, the green-eyed *deus ex machina* has helped alter the course of history and changed forever the daily rhythms of white-collar life. The photocopier has, its detractors say, fostered waste, encouraged sloth, stifled creativity and punched holes in the copyright laws. Bureaucrats complain that the machine now makes confidential exchanges all but impossible; foes of official secrecy complain that fear of Xerox-abetted leaks has made bureaucrats more secretive than ever. Whatever the complaint, in view of the social, economic and moral consequences of the office copying machine, the time has plainly come to ask: What hath Xerox wrought?

Xerox, it must be noted at the outset, is a trademark of the Xerox Corp. of Stamford, Conn. The word comes from the Greek *xeros*, meaning "dry." It refers to the dry, electrostatic copying process (a quantum improvement over earlier wet photographic methods) finally developed in 1938 in a one-room laboratory behind a beauty parlor in Astoria, Queens, by a penurious patent attorney named Chester F. Carlson. Xerox Corp. had revenues of \$4.05 billion last year, and today accounts for more than half of all photocopier sales and leases in the U.S. (The chief producers of copying machines after Xerox are IBM and 3M.)

The same numerical strength that has made Xerox a household word has also fed an epidemic of Xeromania. There are 2.3 million copying machines in the U.S., and last year they emitted an estimated 78 billion copies—enough to paper Long Island from shore to shore and, if laid end to end, to girdle the globe 546 times at its widest point. Those numbers are double the figures of five years

ago, and are expected to more than double again in five years. Hardly any school or library is without at least one machine, and the Xerox seems to have replaced the water cooler as an office social center. The isolated Havasupai Indians on the floor of the Grand Canyon turn out their tribal newsletter on two Xerox 660s. Gosplan, the state planning committee of the U.S.S.R., reproduces many of its official documents on Xerox machines. As a result of the galloping ubiquity of office copiers, hardly anyone nowadays passes up an opportunity to use one. "It's a machine that generates its own demand, like cocktail nuts," says Boston University Sociologist Mark G. Field. "It is used because it is available."

The Xerox machine has eased its way into the fabric of workaday America so subtly that only on occasion do people realize how important it has become. The U.S. Postal Service got away with raising postal rates at the end of the year after only a moderate amount of protest; but when the agency simultaneously shut down 2,400 coin-operated copiers in post offices (after complaints from private copy-service interests), public outrage was strong enough to have most of the machines restored. Much of the evidence that toppled Richard Nixon and his Watergate conspirators came from photocopied documents leaked to the press or uncovered by Government investigators. Many recent disclosures about CIA and FBI abuses have been based on Xeroxed leaks and, though he will not say, CBS Correspondent Daniel Schorr probably received his leaked copy of the House Intelligence Committee report last month hot off some Washington copying machine (see THE PRESS).

Right now the machine is at the center of a furious battle over copyright laws. Librarians and educators insist that they should be allowed to photocopy just about anything; authors and publishers are upset that their works are being pirated. The problem is particularly acute for publishers of easily cribbed material such as sheet music, journal-article reprints that are required reading in college lecture courses, and expensive economic newsletters. *Platt's Oilgram*

News Service for instance, a petroleum industry newsletter that costs \$435 a year, is available for pennies a copy to anyone with a Xerox machine and a borrowed original. After years of controversy, the Senate last week passed a revision of the copyright law that would prohibit photocopying of more than a small excerpt from copyrighted material. The bill is now bogged down in the House. Says Marshall McLuhan: "Whereas Saxton and Gutenberg enabled all men to become readers, Xerox has enabled all men to become publishers."

McLuhan notwithstanding, mankind has recognized the value of making copies at least since the day that Moses had to go back up the mountain for a second set of tablets to replace the ones he had broken. Medieval monks gladly spent lifetimes copying manuscripts by hand. Photography, that most exact of reproductive processes, has since its invention in the last century been elevated to a high art. But unlike most illuminated manuscripts and some photographs, Xerox copies are seldom more interesting than their originals. The Xerox machine has taken the art out of copying, made it too easy. As a result, people are copying more now and enjoying it less. Nothing nowadays seems too trivial to be immortalized by that moving light-bar: memos of momentary importance, yesterday's newspaper clippings, smutty jokes for the office bulletin board, chain letters, recipes, offspring's homework. Some employers have even begun to allow their workers access to company copiers for personal use, a cheap, morale-building perk.

The urge to reproduce is producing some alarming results. A new impersonality has crept into human discourse, as Xerox copies are used more and more in place of personal communication—letters, party invitations (with the now obligatory road map), even Christmas cards. Americans seem to be losing the

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"And when you're finished with those, Miss Nedley, you can Xerox yourself for me."

faculties of compression, digestion and economy in their written communication. After all, why bother to summarize when you can simply attach a photocopy of the original?

Copiers are churning out boxcars of raw, unsynthesized information, but is anybody out there reading it? In a study, one Boston company wrote, "Did you really read this?" on all Xerox copies produced at the firm, and requested that they be returned with an answer. More than half came back marked "no." Even the people who make copies no longer find it necessary always to read them first. Watergate Defendant Kenneth Parkinson successfully argued that he had not read a particular incriminating document; he had merely Xeroxed it. The photocopier has made many Americans too lazy to copy documents by hand, to use carbon paper, to express something in their own words, to read—perhaps too lazy to think.

Even the Xerox machine's contributions to investigative journalism are ambiguous. The copier may have helped disgruntled leakers illuminate a few dark Government and corporate secrets, but it has also spurred bureaucrats to even greater taciturnity. After all, what malefactor in his right mind would put anything incriminating—or even refreshingly outspoken—on paper nowadays? In addition, the copier's ability to turn confidential communications into bestsellers has encouraged memo drafters everywhere to strive for blandness. Says Professor Anthony Athos of the Harvard Business School: "When the writer knows that through the magic of Xerox many people will see what he has written, then it loses the sharp cutting edge and gains what I call administrative opacity. What we have is a proliferation of blah, blah, blah."

Xerox machines have probably become too ubiquitous for Americans to kick the habit entirely, but there are some measures that could discourage ex-

cess. Copier manufacturers could end their current race to build ever faster and more convenient machines, which only encourage overuse. Heavy institutional users of copiers could also replace their hares with tortoises; slower machines are generally cheaper to operate anyway. To conserve paper—and trees—manufacturers could provide more recycled paper for their machines. And, of course, a little personal self-control would help; copying a marginally important document does not diminish its superfluity one bit. And who really enjoys receiving Xeroxed Christmas greetings?

The copier may have its faults, but the machine is, after all, a relatively recent invention. Once some of the novelty wears off, Xerox users will probably learn to be a little more discriminating about what they copy. And despite the machine's debilitating effects on letter-writing, the great god *Xeros* has kept his part of the bargain: the copying machine does make it easier for information to be spread. Certainly anything that greases the path of knowledge is a net gain for society. Besides, with more than 2 million machines in use, it is a little late to stop the revolution. Says Chandler B. Grannis, editor-at-large of *Publisher's Weekly*: "Copying machines exist. They will be used, legally and ethically or not."

Indeed, they will be used more and more. Sales and leases of office copiers have been advancing at a rate of 15% a year, and a number of manufacturers now offer personal copiers with price tags as low as \$99. The day may not be far off when nearly everyone who has a typewriter will also own a photocopier. If so, then the need for discretion, self-control and clear prose will be greater than ever. And if the beast can be tamed, the benefits of freer expression and the wider dissemination of information will be multiplied over and over and over and over... **Donald M. Morrison**

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